

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
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## THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

UP on the breezy headland the fisherman's  
grave they made,  
Where, over the daisies and clover bells, the  
birchen branches swayed;  
Above us the lark was singing in the cloud-  
less skies of June,  
And under the cliffs the billows were chanting  
their ceaseless tune:  
For the creamy line was curving along the  
hollow shore,  
Where the dear old tides were flowing that he  
would ride no more.

The dirge of the wave, the note of the bird,  
and the priest's low tone were blent  
In the breeze that blew from the moorland, all  
laden with country scent;  
But never a thought of the new-mown hay  
tossing on sunny plains,  
Or of lilies deep in the wild wood, or roses  
gemming the lanes,  
Woke in the hearts of the stern bronzed men  
who gathered around the grave,  
Where lay the mate who had fought with them  
the battle of wind and wave.

How boldly he steered the coble across the  
foaming bar,  
When the sky was black to the eastward and  
the breakers white on the Scar!  
How his keen eye caught the squall ahead,  
how his strong hand furl'd the sail,  
As we drove o'er the angry waters before the  
raging gale!  
How cheery he kept all the long dark night;  
and never a parson spoke  
Good words, like those he said to us, when at  
last the morning broke!

So thought the dead man's comrades, as silent  
and sad they stood,  
While the prayer was prayed, the blessing  
said, and the dull earth struck the wood;  
And the widow's sob, and the orphan's wail,  
jarred through the joyous air;  
How could the light wind o'er the sea, blow  
on so fresh and fair?  
How could the gay waves laugh and leap,  
landward o'er sand and stone,  
While he, who knew and loved them all, lay  
lapped in clay alone?

But for long, when to the beetling heights the  
snow-tipped billows roll,  
When the cod, and skate, and dogfish dart  
around the herring shoal;  
When gear is sorted, and sails are set, and the  
merry breezes blow,  
And away to the deep sea-harvest the stalwart  
reapers go,  
A kindly sigh, and a hearty word, they will  
give to him who lies  
Where the clover springs, and the heather  
blooms, beneath the northern skies.

All The Year Round.

## NORWICH.

SEPTEMBER — 1849.

(SEE "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE.")

THE good old bishop was lying dead,  
His people knew he had wished to die,  
For after the life of the soul is fled,  
That the body might live to be clothed and fed.  
Was a fear he had been troubled by.

In dismal black was the palace draped,  
Black were the plumes and funeral pall,  
And nothing about him the story shaped  
That a beautiful soul had from earth escaped,  
To dwell in heaven above us all.

Stately and grand was the palace gloom,  
The old cathedral was very grand,  
And very magnificent was the tomb,  
And the great old bell, with majestic boom,  
Toll'd the tale to a sorrowing land.

Sorrowing? Yes — there was sorrow there —  
For he was a wise and trusty chief.  
It was not the sorrow of a despair,  
Nor yet of a deep and a deathless care,  
But of a gentle and reverent grief.

Clergy and friends, and the nearer yet,  
Will follow the good dead man with pain,  
And when in his grave they have seen him set,  
With the "tender touch" of a kind regret  
Return to their pleasant homes again.

Such is the natural, proper course —  
Only one little chorister boy  
Wept with a wild and a vehement force,  
Wept with a passion that seem'd like remorse,  
And that emptied the world of its joy.

A white-robed boy with a rosy face,  
A baby eye and a dimpling chin;  
They crowded about him with kindly grace  
The cause of this tempest of grief to trace,  
And to show him such grief was a sin.

But the little chorister raised his head  
And shook his fist at the gloomy bier,  
"It is such a pity," he sharply said,  
"That a boy should live when a bishop is  
dead,  
And he should be there while I am here."

Thou innocent white-robed chorister,  
Is death the worst that a life can bring?  
Loyal the thoughts that thy bosom stir;  
But may not a good old bishop prefer  
A peaceable death to anything?

Grudge not the crown to the aged brow,  
He has lived his life and fought his fight;  
But pray that when death shall approach thee,  
thou  
May'st then be as ready to die as now,  
Innocent-hearted and robed in white!

Sunday Magazine.

A.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE INHERITANCE OF THE GREAT  
MOGUL.\*

"IN Asia and Eastern Europe scarcely a dog might bark without Mongol leave, from the borders of Poland and the Gulf of Scanderoon to the Amur and the Yellow Sea."

These striking words form a fitting prelude to the story of the travels of the Polo family, which opens in 1260 by the departure of the two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo, on a trading expedition to the Crimea. "The book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East," as it has now been given, newly translated and edited by Colonel Yule, with notes, maps, and illustrations, leaves scarcely anything to be hoped for as the fruit of further research, and is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the various Mongol sovereignties in Asia and Eastern Europe in the thirteenth century. In a preliminary sketch of the state of the East at the time of the journeys of the Polo family, it is shown that the vast empire which Genghis Khan† had conquered, still owned a nominally supreme head in the great khan (or *kāan*, as we are told to write it), though practically it was splitting up into several great monarchies, under the descendants of the four sons of Genghis. Kublai Khan was the grandson of Genghis, and the fifth in succession, being the younger son of Tuli, the fourth son of Genghis. The throne of the Mongol empire had just been ascended by Kublai, "the most able of its occupants after the founder." Succeeding his elder brother, who died in 1259, before an obscure fortress of western China, he car-

ried out a previous intention of his brothers to remove the seat of government from Karakorum, on the northern verge of the Mongolian desert, to the more populous regions that had been conquered in the further East, and this step in the end converted the Mongol *kāan* into a Chinese emperor, realizing then, as at many subsequent periods, the truth of the ancient proverb — "China is a sea that salts all rivers that flow into it." Mongols and Tartars, each in succession, have found themselves absorbed by the people they conquered, their own distinctive nationality becoming more or less completely merged in that of the Chinese.

Southern China still remained in the hands of the native dynasty, but their subjection followed, with great slaughter, as was the wont, and is to this day, of Mongol and Tartar rulers. Marco Polo details many of the particulars of the conquest, adding that "the number of inhabitants is so great that no person can count them, and if they were men-at-arms, those of the province of Manji would conquer the whole world."

That they were not very far from accomplishing this feat under the Mongol khans is plainly shown by the mere recapitulation of the inheritance which the founder of the great dynasty of Mongolian sovereigns left to his four sons, Juji, Chaghatai, Okodai, and Tuli. In the third generation, when Kublai Khan, the second son of Tuli, assumed in succession the great headship of the house of Genghis, wars on a vast scale were brewing between the descendants, and they were becoming practically independent of each other, and the nominally supreme head, the great *kāan*. Thus Hulaku, the third son of Tuli, and brother of the two great khans, Mangu and Kublai, was ruler of Persia, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, and Armenia, yet he and "his sons' sons, continued to stamp the name of the great khan upon their coins, and to use the Chinese seals of State which he bestowed upon them."

Barka, son of Juji, the first ruling prince of the house of Genghis to turn Mahomedan, reigned on the steppes of the Volga, where a standing camp had become a great

\* "The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East." Newly translated and edited, with notes, maps, and other illustrations, by Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. Second edition, revised, with the addition of new matter and many new illustrations. London: John Murray. "Central Asia, from the Aryan to the Cossack." By James Hutton. London: Tinsley Brothers. "England and Russia in the East." A series of papers on the political and geographical condition of Central Asia. By Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: John Murray.

† Colonel Yule justifies a different spelling, calling him *Chingia Kāan*; but long use has made the form in the text, if less correct, more generally recognizable.

city, under the name of Sarai, — the "SARRA," to which Chaucer alludes in his half-told tale of Cambuscan, when

At Sarra, in the Londe of Tartarie,  
There dwelt a king that werrid Russie.  
Through which ther died many a doughty  
man :

This noble king was cleped Cambuscan.

The house of Chaghatai, the second of the sons of Genghis, had settled upon the pastures of the Ili, and the valley of the Sir Daria or Jaxartes, and ruled the wealthy cities of Sogdiana. Kaidu, the grandson of Okodai, who had been the successor of Genghis in the kaanship, refused to acknowledge the transfer of the supreme authority to the house of Tuli, his younger brother, and, we are told by Colonel Yule, was through the long life of Kublai a thorn in his side, perpetually keeping his north-western frontier in alarm. His immediate authority, it is added, was exercised over some part of what we now should call eastern Turkestan, and southern-central Siberia; whilst his hordes of horsemen, force of character, and close neighbourhood brought the khans of Chaghatai under his influence, and they generally acted with him. Such seems to have been the first rough partition of territories, after the death of Genghis, and were it not for these inevitable divisions among the survivors of the most ambitious and successful conquerors, the subjugation of the whole world under one sceptre might not be so impossible. The aim of Genghis was literally the conquest of the world, — as he conceived it, — and was nearer its accomplishment in his own life, and in that of two of his descendants, Kublai and Timur, than it had ever been before, or is likely to be again. The empire which he created counted within its limits probably one-half of the whole human race, and extended from the Sea of Okhotsk, at the north-eastern extremity of Asia, over the whole breadth of the continent as far as the Black Sea. Insane as such ambition seems, it must have its source in some perennial springs of action common to our nature, since it constantly reappears with a certain periodicity in successive ages — fortunately

far apart, — and in races still more widely separated by ethnographic characters and surrounding conditions. Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian, Greek, Roman, and French, have each in turn sent forth heroes on this quest for universal empire. With the Romans alone it became the insanity or ambition of a people, who for successive ages sought to be the rulers of the world, and actually founded an imperial sway over Europe from the Rhine to the Danube, and in Asia and Africa, nearly as far as Alexander had penetrated on either continent. The whole of Asia and Eastern Europe had not, however, been under the sceptre of a single ruler, until Timur swooped from his Mongolian steppes, the heir of the first great mogul, and camped in the heart of Hungary and Poland, with a mixed multitude of tribes and nations for his army. Of the many sovereignties established by him on his track, one remained to our day and was occupied by his descendants. The throne of the great mogul at Delhi, with its phantom sceptre, still existed, when the great mutiny swept it aside with the last vestiges of authority over the millions of Hindostan. Since this last exodus of Mongolian tribes with a Timur for their leader, many changes have taken place in the partition and subdivision of the widely scattered kingdoms and khanates, which it was not possible to bind together under one head for any but a brief space; but the physical character of the soil and the races which occupy it, remain very nearly the same. Between India and the southern limits of the Russian Empire vast spaces of Central Asia seem to be little changed in anything, as Sir Bartle Frere has said, "since it was a nursery of great nations, and the cradle, not only of kings and founders of empires, but of trains of thought and vast systems of moral and political philosophy which have overspread and widely influenced other regions south and west." So nearly the same, indeed, that the question will sometimes suggest itself whether, under any combination of circumstances, like results are wholly beyond the limits of possibility? The



steppes of Mongolia, and the great tablelands of Asia, whence so many tides of migration and conquest have proceeded in times past, still breed the same race, and supply them with the same motives for a stampede, southward and westward. "Desert means license," says the Arab proverb, and "wild lands breed wild men," who are both restless and adventurous, and only want a leader for any enterprise. No doubt to an observer of the incessant ebb and flow of these waves of migration, it is evident that the tidal stream of conquest, so long pursuing its course intermittingly from east to west, has ever since the last advance of the Turks into Europe, and the second siege of Vienna, more especially, — been slowly but certainly ebbing. Within the last two centuries all aggression and advance has come from the west. While the Russian Empire has been broadening downwards to the Black Sea and Central Asia, and at the same time extending eastwards to the mouth of the Amur, England has occupied the Indian peninsula, — and English, Dutch, Spanish and French have successively taken possession of the Malay Archipelago, and much of the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

A new phase of international relations and interests has arisen in consequence of this reversed movement of the west on the east. New in more senses than one, and tending each day to become more seriously embarrassing to European diplomacy. The "Eastern question," the constant source of difficulty to modern statesmen, and which has already led to one of the great wars of the century, is daily extending its scope, and now may fairly be held to include Central Asia, and the advance of Russia in that direction. The cause of uneasiness is very similar in both cases, since it is the progress southward of the occupants of the great northern plains and steppes, which creates the danger. In the direction of Turkey all Europe has been concerned in preventing Constantinople falling into Russian hands. There is no European State which has not some interest in such a question as this. With a great arsenal on the Bosphorus — the

gates of the Black Sea in Russian keeping — to close or to open at pleasure — the position of all the maritime powers would be affected, and those of Europe critically, by altered conditions of security and the proximity of a first-class power. But Great Britain, being the only one of these which is at the same time a great Asiatic power, sees herself doubly threatened by the approach of Russia towards her Indian frontier. Comparatively unimportant to other western States, it touches England at a vital point. But inasmuch as the balance of power is mainly determined by alliances between the different States which constitute the fighting power of Europe, and these in their turn are the result of continuous attempts to adjust mutual interests and rival pretensions, no step can now be taken by Russia or England in Asia without a reflex influence being felt at Berlin, Vienna and Paris. This truth, so long recognized as regarded Constantinople, is new as regards Central Asia and our Indian empire.

Nor is it the only novel feature, which time and Russian progress have imported into the Eastern question. It is entirely new that any movement of China should exercise a similar influence on the councils or the interests of Europe. The army which the Chinese are on the point of marching on eastern Turkestan from behind the angle of the Great Wall, to wrest that province from the actual ruler the Atalih-Gazih, is likely to have one of two results, either of which would be adverse to British interests. Yacoob Beg may be left unaided from Russia, and defeated, — in which case the extermination of the whole Mussulman population will inevitably follow, and the frontier in Chinese hands will be hermetically closed in their hands as it was before; or the Russians may enable him to successfully resist the Chinese arms, and his independence will be lost, as the price of such aid, with exactly the same consequences as regards our trade — the policy of Russia being to exclude all competition. This would also bring a dangerous power so much nearer to our frontier, and open the gates of China,

through the valley of Kashgar, to Russian arms and commerce. China, however, has the traditions and some of the prestige of the great Mongol conquests, while Kublai Khan reigned supreme at Cambalu over all the Chinese. They may not so easily relinquish possession of this gateway to the inner land. Their past history would lead to this conclusion; and it seems certain that the present ruler of eastern Turkestan cannot successfully resist them single-handed. Thus the consequences of this mighty grasp of empire under one strong chief of Mongol race, however fugitive the hold or transitory the power, may be found to have left permanent traces, the effects of which are far from being exhausted. The greatest and richest portion of Kublai's inheritance in territory and in population, has fallen to the present Tartar rulers of China. In the coming conflict for the possession of eastern Turkestan, on our northern borders, a Chinese emperor, who neither consults nor is consulted by European powers, is preparing to assert his claim to a portion of the Mongol emperor's inheritance; a movement which we seem to have little power to prevent, however adverse it may be to our interests or security. So again, in our efforts to open a trade-route from British Burmah into western China, we have been met by treachery, and an attack in which the Burmese and Chinese are more than suspected of complicity. If this prove to be so, the action of the Chinese court may entail a Burmese war, and the further extension of our Indian frontier to that of China on the south-west.

It is in this sense therefore, that I propose to treat of the great mogul's inheritance, and consider the present and future destinies of those countries in Central and Western Asia which formed so large a portion of the Mongol's empire. Many works, and some of high authority, have lately appeared on Central Asia, and Russian advances into it, together with a still greater number of reviews and separate articles on the same subject; but all have been written either from an Anglo-Indian or a Western point of view. I venture to think, therefore, that something may be gained by reversing the order, and looking at all these questions from a Mongolian, or at least a more Eastern standpoint.

To China, Russia, and England has fallen chiefly the heritage of the lapsed estates—the scattered kingdoms and

territorial fragments of an overgrown empire. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his "England and Russia in the East," Colonel Yule by his recent edition of the story of Marco Polo's travels, carrying us back to the days of Kublai Khan; and Mr. Hutton by his "Central Asia, from the Aryan to the Cossack," giving, as has been well said, a codification of the literature of the Central-Asian question from the earliest to the latest period,—have supplied excellent text-books, and authoritative guides to all who seek information in this interesting field of inquiry. But the whole of this vast region, with its mixed races and agglomeration of kingdoms and powers, is now in a state of transition or fusion. The rapid introduction of foreign elements is leavening the whole mass with new ideas, and creating a fermentation which must inevitably produce great changes. Whether the time has arrived in China for one of those great social movements, as Sir Bartle Frere has suggested, which in all ages have so powerfully affected the destinies of nations and the geographical distribution of races, I will not here discuss. But it is certain that these imported germs, covering the whole field of human thought and action in those regions, are rapidly bearing fruit. Hitherto, these coming changes, these shiftings of social strata, and of political relations and boundaries as their consequence, have been considered too exclusively, I think, in their more or less obvious and direct bearing, on the policy and interests of European States. If the future, as runs the rule in the East, be foreshadowed in the present, the Chinese empire, and even the lesser realm of Japan, cannot be any longer left out of the account. It was suggested recently, in an able leader of the *Times*, that the hour may be at hand when Chinese history and politics, and even Chinese rites and ceremonies, may have the deepest interest for the West,—much leading to the thought that an important part is reserved to them in the future history of Asia. With laws, usages, and forms of government which have grown up apart without any influence from without, or from other races infusing elements common to all the other groups of mankind, they are the heirs not only of an old civilization—older than any now surviving—but one especially their own. Possessed of a literature which has borrowed nothing from the genius or research of the scholars of other lands, a language

unique in its symbols, its structure, and its antiquity, and a people more numerous than those under the sway of any other power, remarkable for their industry, the Chinese empire forms at this day the greatest (if extent of dominions and number of population be taken together) ever swayed by a single power in any age or any part of the world. "It produces within its own borders everything necessary for the comfort, support, and delight of its inhabitants, and comprises within its limits every variety of soil and climate; while beneath, it abounds in coal and ironstone, the primary elements of our own wealth and power. It is watered by large rivers, which serve not only to irrigate and to drain it, but, by means of their size and the course of their tributaries, also afford unusual facilities for intercommunication." Thus Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," describes the people and the country, and those who best know both, will be the most ready to admit the accuracy of the description. The writer in the *Times* may well think, therefore, such an empire, after enduring more than three thousand years, with a people bound together by common ties of race, language, and religion, may play an important part in the history of the future. Holding in undisputed possession the larger share of the heritage of Genghis Khan, with at least three hundred millions of subjects, and among them most of those warlike and pastoral tribes whose ancestors crossed the Danube six centuries ago — with, practically, unlimited resources in men and means, if they only knew how to bring them into play — they cannot be safely despised. Nor are they likely to view the Central Asian, or any other Eastern questions in which Western powers are occupying themselves (little caring what an emperor of China may think or do) in the same light as we do. Perhaps with something of their own superciliousness and overweening conceit, the powers who have any interests at stake in the East, have too long assumed that China has no future, and takes no heed. The late exterminating wars however against the Mahomedan rebels in Yunnan and Shensi, on her southern and western borders; and the march of her armies even now to the frontier of Eastern Turkestan, with the avowed intention of recovering it from its present *de facto* ruler, — with as little care for the wishes or interests of either Russia or England, as those countries have ever shown in their dealings

with Asiatics for the will of China — should teach another lesson.

We are reminded that "the original haunts of the Moghuls (or Mongols) were the inhospitable steppes lying to the north and north-west of China, whence issued the barbaric hordes with whom Attila, the Scourge of God, ravaged Europe in the fifth century. A fierce, untutored race of wandering shepherds, of hideous aspect, who spread themselves like a devastating flood not only over Asia, from the Sea of China to the Black Sea, but also over Hungary, and threatened to overwhelm the whole civilized world." And *Karakorum*, the old capital of the Mongols, was situated at the foot of the Khingan Dula range of mountains — no great distance from Kiachta as the crow flies, where Russia now has her chief mart.

If we are disposed to glance backward through all these centuries, and observe how constant has been the set of this mighty current and moving tide of human beings from the north and east, — southward and westward, — we cannot fail to recognize in such persistent phenomena the influence of natural laws. Some efficient cause must have existed, either in the constitution, temperament, and habits of the Mongol races, or in the physical features of the region and the conditions of climate and soil; because the efforts of the human race are generally such as best conform to the geographical conditions of the stage on which they must live and labour. It is thus that the course of civilization has mainly followed that of the great rivers — those "highways of the primeval world" — and their valleys and deltas have been the seat of all the more civilized monarchies. The Nile, the Tigris, and Euphrates gathered on their shores the settled populations and the great cities of the ancient world. Wealth, luxury, and fixed habitations all tend to foster the arts of peace rather than war; while the high table-lands, the arid deserts, and vast steppes of Asia have always been occupied by nomad, pastoral, and warlike races. With no fixed abode, living in movable tents or kraals, from the cradle to the grave, we should expect them to be under such conditions of life exactly what they have ever been, restless, savage, and adventurous — "born man-slayers and man-stealers," as they have been described, and are to this day. It was not without cause that the settled Egyptians held in fear and detestation the shepherd kings. As they always turn

the doors of their huts to the south, so is the tendency of such a race to gravitate towards southern valleys and a more genial climate; and, with a predatory instinct, to enter into the labours of the more industrious and less warlike husbandmen. Unfortunately, the habits of a life cling to them, and the fairest regions of the earth become a wilderness under their rule. Asia Minor, once the most fertile and populous of regions, covered with great and wealthy cities, is only one among many examples of the desolation that follows the Mongol, the Tartar, and the Turk alike. "Where the Turk's foot treads no grass ever grows," is a proverb among the victims of their misrule; and inaptitude for the patient industry which creates wealth and plenty is still their characteristic.

They came, destroyed, burnt,  
Murdered, robbed, and went,

according to the Persian distich. Vast regions to the east of the Mediterranean, and broad tracts to the south of it, have been depopulated and changed, from a state of verdure and beauty to one of aridity. The same tendencies and causes are in force to this day, and if we would understand the very elements of the social and political problems which are involved in the Eastern questions, they must be borne in mind. The Kirghis tribes and the Koords and Turcomans, the Golden Hordes, Kipchak, and many others, have not changed their nature, because they may now be called Cossacks or Kalmucks, and march at the orders of a "Great White Khan" (the title by which the Czar of Russia is best known in those regions), instead of at the behest of the great mogul,—a Genghis or a Kublai Khan. A little pressure from behind, and a chief to lead them forward, are all that any of them require to induce them to strike their tents and rush on the war-path, in search of adventure and spoil. The supreme head may be at the western extremity in St. Petersburg now, which before was at Karakorum or Cambalu; but the same forces and materials in each case furnish the aggressive power; and the same tendencies and motives impel them on southern and western countries. With one important difference, however—that the emperor of Russia wields all the power which Western science, discipline, and superior arms can give: while Kublai had to trust to bow and spear, and a few

rude fieldpieces, for the subjection of all Asia and the conquest of a world.

The description which geographers and travellers give us of Russia and Siberia are not of a nature to enhance our estimation of the advantages of occupying such possessions, and still less of living in them, if there be any possibility of going elsewhere. We are told that the region extending from the Caspian to the Arctic, more than two thousand miles, is permeated by the longest rivers in the East, studded over with innumerable lakes and marshes, and presents almost everywhere a monotonous succession of plains covered with slime, forests, and ice, exposed to all the glacial influences—unfertile desert wilds cold in the north; tolerably rich, "more thickly peopled, civilized, and temperate, only in the south." What can be more natural or inevitable than the exodus of all who are able to move from these northern regions, to the sunny valleys of Central and Southern Asia—to Turkestan, "a jewel set in sand," and the garden of the East, as Central Asia was esteemed in Timur's day—and towards some unfrozen sea and open ports in the Persian Gulf, or the Mediterranean? What nation able to put a million of men in arms, will ever rest contented to live icebound in northern wastes and steppes, when such countries as are situated in the south of Europe and Asia have always been the prize of the strong?

On the Asiatic side, there are great and complex systems of mountain barriers separating the plains of India from Eastern Turkestan and the upper tablelands and valleys of Central Asia—not simple ranges like the Alps or the Pyrenees, which can be crossed by a single pass, as Mr. Shaw, the enterprising merchant and traveller, now in Yarkand, has so well shown; but composed of many chains enclosing considerable countries within their valleys, such as Thibet and Cashmere. These are feeble barriers however, against such necessities as have driven all the eastern hordes south and west, and precipitated them in resistless numbers over the plains and valleys of India, Bokhara, and Persia. Some thirty times has India been thus the prey of these warlike hordes, hungering and thirsting for loot and pleasant lands. Mr. Shaw relates how Russia, even for objects of trade, with indomitable spirit determined to overcome all obstacles, kept men at work a whole summer in roughing the ice over a formidable gla-



cier in the Muzat Pass, lying between Aksu and Kulja. The Russian Steam Navigation Company, formed in 1857, when the Black Sea fleet was destroyed, and largely subsidized by the government to give employment to the officers and seamen, now employs eighty-seven steamers; and we are told by Mr. Long, they touch at all the ports of the Black and Caspian Seas, the chief ports from Constantinople along Asia Minor and Palestine to the canal of Suez, and ply regularly between Odessa and London. They had to cut through the jungle at Poti to make the beginning of a great port—the primeval forest and a pestilential climate were the obstacles they had to contend with—and they are now “making a city out of a swamp,” as Peter the Great did two centuries earlier at Petersburg, and we ourselves at Calcutta, “out of the swamps and lairs of wild beasts.”

Physical obstacles are not likely long to arrest the progress of such a race. But it has now been ascertained that the range of the Thian Shan to the north, and the Himalayan system to the south, which converge together as they run westward, and unite in a vast boss, supporting the high plateau of Pamir, which the natives call the *Baur-i-dunya*, or “upper floor of the world,” is penetrated by numerous valleys from east to west, which makes it far easier to traverse in that direction, than from north to south. Eleven passes we know have to be crossed in travelling from India to Turkestan, and of these only two are lower than the summit of Mount Blanc. Yet, impassable as these mountain barriers may seem, they are penetrated in such a manner by rivers, and so accessible by comparatively easy routes, that they have never formed insurmountable obstacles to peaceful commerce, and still less to hostile forces. When indeed have such obstacles been insurmountable to a determined enemy? The wild horsemen of Attila pouring forth from the steppes on the north-western boundaries of China, as later did similar hordes under Genghis Khan, and Timur, were neither stopped by vast distances, mighty rivers, nor mountain ranges. A hundred degrees of longitude were between them and their starting-place, when they encamped on the plains of Hungary, and stabled their horses in the Kremlin. The greatest rivers of Asia and Europe, the Volga, the Don, and Borysthenes, the Vistula, and Danube offered no obstruction. Nothing arrested the march of these fierce and un-

tamable nomads. They either swam their horses, or passed on the ice, or else traversed them in leathern boats which followed the camp, and transported both waggons and artillery. Genghis Khan sent his hardy followers into the plains of India, despite of all mountain barriers, in the thirteenth century, as the Mahomedan Tartars had done before in the eleventh. There is no difficulty, therefore, in the geographical configuration not to be overcome. How far a civilized power like Great Britain, with all the appliances and military resources at command which Europe can supply, might be able to render the Bolan Pass, or the passes of Cashmere and Afghanistan, impracticable to any invading force, is a question which need not be discussed here. But that Russia in possession of Central Asia, and the steppes—those classic grounds of the Mongol and Tartar—might be in a position to spur on such barbarous hordes of assailants, eager for the plunder of the rich cities of Hindostan, as would try the powers of the best general and troops of Europe to stop them, is sufficiently evident. It is this danger which has to be provided against, rather than a direct attack from Russian troops, for the conquest of India, or even a raid into it. To create a sense of insecurity, stir up enmities in front, and treason in the rear, would be the weapons of an enemy from the West—not as a means of conquest, but of coercion or intimidation, to neutralize and embarrass any policy running counter to Russia, either in Europe or elsewhere. A more insidious and far more dangerous line of tactics, than one of open attack and declared hostility. China seems in Burmah to be trying the effect of a policy attributed by anticipation to Russia in Afghanistan.

Enough, I think, has been said to show how great a part conditions of climate and race, as well as of physical geography, have played in these great tides of invasion, and the migration of whole tribes and nations from the north and east towards the south and west. A tendency so continuously manifested for more than twenty centuries—commencing, indeed, in prehistoric periods, and only in quite recent times seeming to have exhausted itself—can scarcely indeed have existed without the concurrence of both physical and moral causes, of no unintelligible or undiscoverable nature. But it is never wholly without profit to trace the various links in a chain

of continuous cause and effect, when such momentous issues hang upon this very continuity, however modified in fashion or outward shape. The Russians if not precisely Mongols are near akin, and with a great mixture of Asiatic blood, inherit the same regions. They are driven forward by the same desires and wants, and the same physical conditions of soil and climate, as were the Mongol followers of Genghis and Timur; sharpened it may be by some whet of civilization, and glimpses of culture and luxury from which their prototypes in the thirteenth century were wholly exempt. As to the morality of these invasions and forcible appropriations of other men's lands, with notices of eviction somewhat unceremoniously served upon whole nations, to suit the interests or the convenience of new-comers,—there is little to be said, nor need I refer to the influences of Christianity in arrest of action. When have these ever prevailed to prevent spoliation or wars? Have any considerations either of morality as to the rights of property in territory, or of Christianity or canons of international law, prevented invasion in the last century; or a declaration of war, a sudden onslaught, and a "rectification" of boundaries? What do treaties avail when the master of twenty legions deems them irksome or injurious? What cause of quarrel is ever wanting to justify attack when the stronger State desires to spoil the weaker? Cannon-balls make sad rents in the best treaties which ministers or diplomatists can sign. We need not waste our time therefore in the casuistry of moral disquisitions, when national interests and imperial wills are in question.

The Count de Ségur, who had studied in a good practical school under the first empire, relates in a pleasant French way in his memoirs, a first lesson in diplomacy which he received from a veteran diplomatist of the day, on his entrance into that career. Not a Frenchman but a Spaniard, be it observed, the Count d'Aranda, who at the time referred to (1784) was the ambassador of Spain at the court of France. He assured the young debutant that he could show him in a very short time the secret of all European policy, and this was his lesson. He spread a map of Europe on the table, saying, "The end of political study is to know the strength, the means, the interests, rights, fears, and hopes of all the different powers, and to be able to be on our guard, and in opportune time to con-

ciliate, disunite, meet them in war, or enter into alliances, according as our own interests or safety might require." "But this," said the young *attaché*, "must demand large study." "Not at all," replied his instructor. "In a few moments you will know all. Look at this map. None of the states of Europe, great or small, you will see, present a well-defined or rounded territory—a complete square, or parallelogram, or circle. Either there is some point jutting out, or curved inwards; a rent here, or semi-detached portions there. Look at the colossus, Russia; at the south is the peninsula of the Crimea—presqu'île qui s'avance dans la Mer Noir et qui appartient aux Turcs; la Moldavie et la Vallachie qui conviendrait assez au cadre Moscovite, surtout si en tirant vers le nord où y joignait la Pologne. Regardez encore vers le nord, là est la Finlande hérissée de roches, elle appartient à la Suède, et cependant elle est bien près de Pétersbourg. Passons à présent en Suède, voyez-vous la Norvège, c'est une large bande tenant naturellement au territoire Suédois—eh bien, elle est dans la dépendance du Danemark. Voyageons en Prusse, remarquez comme ce royaume est long, frêle, étroit, que d'échancrures il faudrait remplir pour l'élargir du côté de la Saxe, de la Silésie, et puis sur les rives du Rhin! Entendez-vous? Et l'Autriche, qu'en dirons nous? Elle possède les Pays-Bas, qui sont pourtant séparés d'elle par l'Allemagne, tandis qu'elle est tout près de la Bavière, qui ne lui appartient pas—vous retrouvez cette Autriche au milieu de l'Italie; mais comme c'est loin de sa cadre! Comme Venise et le Piémont, le rempliraient bien!"

"Enough!" he continued; "you understand no doubt how all these powers would keep their projecting angles or enclaves, fill up their rents and fissures, and generally round and complete the figure of their territories, as occasion may serve. That is lesson enough. *Car voilà toute la politique. Entendez-vous—comprenez-vous?*" "Yes," replied the young diplomatist, "I understand; for now, looking at the map, I see to the west of Spain a long slice called Portugal, which I think would suit Spain exactly." "I see you understand; and now you are as wise as the rest of us in diplomacy."

Some of my readers may remember a burlesque illustration of the same principles, which appeared in the shop-windows during the Franco-German war, where the states of Europe were represented by hu-



man types, personifying their respective territories. In this manner France was a portrait of Napoleon III. shaven of moustache and imperial, which took the shape of Alsace and Lorraine projecting inconveniently towards the Rhine; while Belgium, Luxembourg, and Switzerland, neutral states, stretched along the frontiers between the two belligerents, were all subjected to great pressure, and seemed in some danger of being flattened or altogether effaced. Towards the Danube Russia, in the form of a colossal bear, was sitting upon Turkey, and the superincumbent weight was evidently felt to be very grievous by the sultan in his flattened fez. This is not geography as scientific men teach it, nor is it in accordance with any recognized system of international law or morality; but it has something in it very much akin to lessons and facts in the political history of past and present generations. In all there is the pervading influence of like causes and effects. Europe, so long the appanage or hunting-ground of the Asiatic hordes, and their spoil, has at last triumphed over Asia in its turn — not as it did for a brief space, under the leadership of Alexander the Great, but by permanent possession and conquest. The tide of colonization and conquest has set the other way, and now marches from west to east. Great Britain, true to her maritime traditions, sailed round the Cape to reach the coast of India, otherwise unapproachable, from whence she made her line of advance northward to the Himalayahs. Russia, equally faithful to the instincts of her race and geographic position, has pressed steadily downwards across steppe and desert, to meet us on the other side of the great mountain barrier, among the fertile valleys of Central Asia, and eastward to an open port in the Pacific and the Amur. Had Russia gained an opening to a southern sea in Europe, it is possible that all her wants might have been supplied, but the Crimean war prevented it; and failing this, who expects her to remain satisfied and tranquil?

A permanent menace then proceeds from the colossal empire which hangs upon the frontiers of Turkey, Persia, Hindostan, and China, and like a huge glacier threatens the valleys below. Though veiled in diplomacy, and seemingly immobile for the time, it moves nevertheless, and is gaining ground with a steady persistence. From Constantinople to Peking there is a general sense of impending danger, a fear of an over-

whelming force crushing down. European powers having no Eastern empire or possessions, are not directly menaced, and may feel no danger from the absorption into one vast empire, not only of half a continent, but of all the barbarous and nomad races which have for two thousand years and more, supplied the conquering and devastating hordes in their course westward and southward. But that there should be a czar whose throne is in Europe, with power to give the impulse for invasion, in either or both of these directions, as a Genghis Khan decreed from the furthest eastern limit, cannot fail to give rise to some grave misgivings as to the future.

I have pointed out elsewhere,\* in speaking of the advances made by the Russians southward, that the part which Russia plays in the history of Europe and Asia is as much a question of physical geography as of policy, if we look to the determining causes: —

What could Russia do, frozen in between two seas and with closed ports for more than six months in each year, but, guided by an infallible instinct (often exemplified in nations as in individuals), stretch out feelers towards the open waters and more genial climates? We have heard much of Russia's destiny driving her southwards to the Bosphorus, and eastward in the same parallel over the rich valleys of Central and Tropic Asia; but is it not a geographical necessity, far more than a political ambition, which has thus driven her across the whole breadth of Asia until she gained the Chinese ports on the Pacific, and southwards towards the mouths of the Danube, the sunny ports of the Mediterranean, and the head of the Persian Gulf? Until unfrozen rivers and ports could be reached, how could her people make any progress, or develop their resources? It not only was a natural tendency — as natural as the descent of the glacier to the valleys, forging downwards by a slow but irresistible pressure, but as inevitable. Obstacles may retard the progress, but not arrest it; and Russia is but following the course of nature as well as history, in pouring down nomad hordes and hardy Scythians on the cultivated territories lying in a more genial climate; while railroads and telegraphic wires supply her with means of transport and quick transit over vast spaces never enjoyed by her great predecessors in this line of march.

We may hope that more civilizing influences will follow the Russian advance through regions never highly favoured in this respect; but to expect permanently to stop her progress, and bar her way

\* Address to the geographical section of the British Association, Bradford, Sept. 18, 1873.

to an outlet and an open sea in the south, is to shut our eyes to the inevitable; and if this be so it behoves Great Britain more especially to adopt a policy consistent with the end. A drifting policy, to which in modern times we are all too prone, is the most dangerous of all, now that India is brought within the perplexed circle of the Eastern question, in which, as Mr. Long has well said, are involved the interests of both Asia and Europe. Whether the solution, as he surmises, cannot be far distant or not, it is certain that by pressure on Central Asia and the frontier of India, Russia can end the political contest for Constantinople, to which she is preparing a second and a shorter road from the east through Persia. Her expenditure of blood and treasure for the conquest of the Caucasus had for its object a flank movement to turn the Balkan and take Turkey in the rear, while Persia and the direct line to India were laid open.

Turkey, sullen and overmatched, but still defiant, with some of the instincts and traditions of a conquering race, looks on while Russia pursues her way, absorbing whole provinces and populations of Mussulman faith. Persia, less defiant it may be, in the consciousness of greater weakness and inability to resist, is also penetrated with a sense of insecurity. The Afghans, who keep the gates of India on the north-west, are truculent and doubtful, yet still uneasy; while Yacob Beg, with Russia to the west, China in arms on the east, and Great Britain behind the Himalayahs,—too far off to aid, and too uncertain of her policy to take any decisive action,—is sore bestraught between two dangers. If reconquered by China, as is very likely to happen, unless aided from without, the event, as I have said, means extermination to the whole Mussulman population. If aided by Russia, it means subjugation and the loss of independence. Thus from the Bosphorus and Black Sea, and along that meridian to the Japanese islands, the way to any southern outlet on an unfrozen sea is barred to Russia by a continuous chain of kingdoms which all have their existence imperilled as independent states. What resistance it may be in their power to make, against the further advance of Russia in that direction, might, perhaps, be certainly counted upon; and were they capable of any combination and stable league, their safety could hardly be endangered, even by such a power as the Russian empire.

But there is nothing to be looked for in this direction. China alone is in a position to resist dismemberment or subjugation.

Along the whole northern boundary of China there is a vast barrier of mountains as far as the junction of the Kirghis steppe with China and Russia, a length of some two thousand five hundred miles. Commencing at the north-eastern corner of Manchuria, above the mouth of the Amur, are the first summits of this Altai range, which, although it takes many names in its long course, is continuous, and forms the northern limit of the table-land of Central Asia, as well as the boundary between China and Russia. The Himalayah range is linked to it by a range nearly at right angles with the Tienshan, and proceeding from a mountain-knot in the south-western part of Turkestan called Rashtikhur, it takes a south-easterly direction along the northern frontier of India and the southern boundary of Thibet, till it breaks up near the headwaters of the Yangtzekiang, and other rivers between Thibet, Burmah and Yunnan. China is further protected from any approach from the north, by the great desert of Gobi, a name signifying "Sandy Sea." The entire length of the wilderness is more than one thousand eight hundred miles, with an average width of from three hundred to four hundred. Although the whole of the tract is not actually a desert, no part of it can lay claim to more than comparative fertility, and, according to Dr. Williams, from whose description I quote, "the great altitude of most portions seems to be as much the cause of its sterility as the nature of the soil." But of the greater part, a Chinese author's description may be accepted, who says, "There is neither water, herb, man, nor smoke; if there be no smoke there is absolutely nothing." Towards Kashgar, along the southern side of the Celestial Mountains, extends a strip of arable land from fifty to eighty miles in width, producing grain, pasturage, cotton and other things, and in which lie nearly all the Mahomedan cities and forts of the *Nan Lu* or southern Chinese circuit, as Kashgar, Okso, and others; and along the banks of the Koton River a road runs from Yarkand to that city and thence to Shapa. Thus Yarkand and eastern Turkestan form the western gate into Thibet and China. And it is by this portal an enemy may most easily enter. From Kulaja, annexed to Russia in 1872, to Singaufu, the great

capital of north-western China, lies the great caravan road which has been traversed for two thousand years between Kashgar, in Central Asia, and the Celestial Empire, with no mountain range to interpose—an easy gradient and abundant coal and wells along the steppe-like country.

This may be one reason why the Chinese at the present moment attach so much importance to regaining possession of the revolted province, and excluding the Russians from the most vulnerable point in their frontiers against foreign intrusion. There is a notable analogy between the geographical position of China and India, in the isolation secured to each by their great mountain-barriers and the sea, the influence of which upon their political and social development has been equally remarkable. Until the great maritime discoveries and enterprises of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries laid the whole seaboard of both countries open to European nations, each had in the ocean a perfect isolating medium;—more absolute and effective even than mountains or deserts. This long-continued insulation has gone far to determine the immobile and unchangeable character of their respective populations, and a policy of seclusion and non-intercourse with foreigners; to each their country has been the land of Bharut—as the Indians call the whole peninsula—"a separate world." Sir Henry Maine, in his very striking lecture on "The Value of the Study of India," recently delivered at Cambridge, has admirably described the influence of such conditions.

But it is evident that although the whole of eastern and southern Asia, from Japan and the Corea to the Bosphorus, with India in the centre, as a great reserve of British force to aid,—if firmly leagued, or susceptible of any reliable combination, might resist any irruption from the north, and render the subjugation of any one impossible even to Russia—no such league or alliance, offensive and defensive, is practicable. From the Black Sea to the Bosphorus and Mediterranean, or through Persia to the head of the Persian Gulf, Russia sooner or later will apparently force her way. England alone, though with her maritime superiority capable of worrying Russia both in the Baltic and the Black Sea, could not offer effective resistance. In the present state of Europe the Russian and German empires united could par-

alyze the other western powers in such a contingency, and the "sick man," so far as Constantinople is concerned, would be as little capable of defence as the last of the Greek emperors. The principle of non-intervention, and our manifest disinclination to incur either liability or responsibility, has alienated foreign States, and sown distrust in the minds of all their rulers. A representative government and a shifting ministry inspire no confidence abroad. Asiatic powers do not understand it, and western States cannot trust it for any continuity of purpose or alliance.

It has been suggested as a possible solution that Constantinople might, by common consent, be neutralized and made a free port. Of course this assumes that Turkey would be compelled to abandon it, and withdraw her forces to the Asiatic border—and this could not fail to carry with it the abandonment of the principalities, and all other possessions on the European side, to become either independent States, or provinces of Russia and Austria. This would be to reconstruct the map of Eastern Europe, and could scarcely be effected without a war; or by conquest, in the first instance, without the concurrence of all the great powers. The Danubian provinces might prove a very doubtful gain either to Russia or Austria; and disturbing neighbours to both, if independent. Nevertheless, to one or other of these alternatives all things are tending ultimately, though by what steps to be effected, or in what lapse of time, few men would like to hazard a prediction. To Russia either the Mediterranean or the Persian Gulf must sooner or later be the outlet, and of the two the Dardanelles would offer a safer and less objectionable outlet than the Persian Gulf, to this country and to Russia alike. Such an outlet alone can supply the safety-valve needed to prevent continued explosions and eruptions from the pent-up forces and activities of the Russian empire. The Black Sea, with its commercial highway by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean, might seem to give this necessary outlet and access to open seas in the south. But it is plain that Russia wants more than this permissive channel of intercourse and commerce. It is seeking to re-establish the old lines by which, before the irruption of Turks and the desolation they brought with them, Constantinople and Peking were united by more than one line.

of great caravan routes,—making Constantinople the converging centre of distribution for the commerce of the East to Europe and the shores of the Mediterranean. Constantinople would then be the seat of Russian empire, and the centre of a vast line of commerce between Europe and Asia—China and the Western world—safely entrenched between two seas, and on the great highway of nations. Imperial sway and commercial development to the extent of Russia's resources, and the wants of the territories and populations within her almost boundless limits, is the aim of such ambition, and Constantinople is the goal, the attainment of which would alone go far to secure both.

Passing in review the great Eastern questions of the day in their commercial and political aspects, as they affect the policy and the interests of European powers, it is impossible not to feel how imperfectly this can be accomplished in a single article. How much remains to be said, and how many considerations have been passed over that nevertheless enter largely into the problems for solution, I am painfully aware. To supply this deficiency I can only in a few concluding paragraphs indicate the principal heads under which further information must be sought. These may best be summarized as having reference to the social, commercial, and religious aspects of the shifting phases of Eastern progress and movement.

Russian advances during the last half-century in Central Asia, and on the eastern borders of China, must be regarded as the initial cause of by far the greater part of the changes now in progress. The contact of this semi-Oriental power with Western culture and policy, together with the rapid extension of her frontiers into the heart of Central Asia and on the banks of the Amur, have stirred to their depths Asiatic elements in all these directions. The occupation of nearly one-half of Manchuria, the patrimony of the Manchoo Tartars, now on the Chinese throne, taken in connection with the attacks of the Western powers on the sea face, have roused the whole Chinese empire, with its three hundred millions of a homogeneous race, from a sleep of ages, to an excited and angry activity. The possession of India by Great Britain has further tended, no doubt, to awaken the slumbering energies of another two hundred millions of Asiatics in the south, and by near approach, to lend its disturb-

ing influence to many more on the confines of this Indian empire. Further west, towards the Bosphorus and the Danube, the Persians and the Turks especially, cannot but feel their existence at stake. As the latest invaders from Asia into Europe, without any attempt at assimilation or civilization, their instinct tells them they are still looked upon as intruders whose title to occupation rests only on conquest, and by that same sword-arbitrament, are liable from day to day to eviction.

But here both social and religious forces have to be taken into account. The creeds of Asia are not dead, and the religious element will yet play a most important part in the future settlement of political boundaries and national interests. China, with Buddhism for its creed, carries with it all Thibet and the Mongol tribes as far as Central Asia, and has lately waged a ruthless and successful war of extermination against the Mahomedans within her own borders, while she is advancing on eastern Turkestan with the same fell intent. There the shock of two great religious systems, each counting their followers by millions, instinct with mutual hatred and rival fanaticism, must be felt from one end of Asia to the other. Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, all Central Asia, and the northern provinces of India, are both Mahomedan and fanatic. The Chinese have little of fanaticism, but it is different with the Mongol races; and with the instincts of imperial power the rulers of China know that it is through the Dali-Llama of Thibet and the influence of the Buddhist worship that they reign over the Tartar and Mongolian steppes. The importance they attach to this source of power has been demonstrated by the wars lately waged, and it will well supply any default of fanatic feeling among the body of the people in China proper. Hindooism, again, it has been said, is not a proselytizing religion, yet it has shown in late years a great power of attraction and receptiveness to the millions within the Indian border who had not previously been received in the pale; and the Hindoo religious element may be safely estimated as the prevalent faith, influencing a hundred million, or more. Still for these the struggle and the shock of war between the Buddhist and the Mahomedan creeds may have comparatively little attraction or interest; but not so with the forty millions of our Mahomedan subjects. Neither is it matter of indifference with



the Russian and the Greek Church, intermingled and mixed up as the latter is with commercial and political elements. It has been said—very truly, I believe—in an able article in the April *Quarterly*, that—

The Russians have one source of impulse which moves them more powerfully than it does any other European nation. This is the religious crusading element. It visibly affects the policy of nations like France and Germany, but it cannot be said to be in either a popular element of political action. But it is quite otherwise in Russia. There whatever of national feeling or of real loyalty to the throne exists is inseparably bound up with religion, and whatever is religious is actively propagandist and hostile to non-Christian powers. This is one of the great Russian political forces of which we either habitually ignore the existence, or take less account than it deserves. It is in many ways a source of strength to Russia far beyond her own borders.

What influence this may have in the pending crisis, when the fate of eastern Turkestan and its present Mahomedan population hangs on the issue, is not easy to forecast. Russia cannot afford, with all her religious crusading spirit, to rouse the fanatic spirit of her Mussulman subjects in the khanates and Kirghis steppes, and along her southern border, by helping the destruction of the Atalib Gazih's rule. It would better suit her policy to help him against China, and secure the monopoly of commerce through this region, which opens the road to the west of China, for trader and soldier alike.

This leads to the consideration of the other most potent motive for Russian advance in Central Asia, and the very general desire, among even the non-military classes, for the enlargement of the empire in the East,—and that is commercial development. Indeed the leading springs of all Russian ambition and enterprise, since the time of Peter the Great, may be summed up under three heads, uniting all the moneyed and the commercial with the military classes. First, the want of an open port,—an ocean base as it has been termed,—on an unfrozen sea; secondly, commercial extension, and the growth of a middle class which can only be created by such development; thirdly, the greed of power and empire, combined with the religious crusading spirit of the Greek Church. The first and second are commercial and social necessities of such paramount importance that the whole nation is ready for any sacrifice in favour of Asiatic

military expeditions to further the end, and especially to secure new and exclusive markets, on strictly protectionist principles. Wherever Russian conquest or influence extends, therefore, all access is closed to rival traders or competition of any kind; and we are thus landed in a commercial antagonism, out of which there seems to be no escape, for it is the Moscow protectionists who urge on military expeditions with this object. As regards the religious element, it has hitherto been but little developed, and in China more especially carefully suppressed, not to excite hostility at Peking, which might have jeopardized other and more immediate aims of territorial and commercial extension. Yet it is evident that if China and Russia come into conflict for the possession of eastern Turkestan, that this truce may not be much longer maintained, and in that case a new sort of fermentation and activity will be introduced into the Chinese mind. So far, the Chinese have only had to contend with any missionary or proselytizing element in other Western hands—the Roman Catholic and the Protestant representatives of Christianity. These, it is true, have given them trouble enough, and the same questions of spiritual and secular jurisdiction have been raised by the Ultramontanism of the Romanist missions, under the protectorate of France, as are now exercising the German mind. What action China will take in such questions it is not difficult to determine. Her rulers will resist to the utmost all effort to impose upon them, behind the conditions of exterritorial rights already hateful to them, any assertion of papal supremacy, or pretensions of the spiritual to interfere with the civil jurisdiction, and the sovereign power of the State. To those who know the Chinese, and have had the opportunity of watching the direction of their efforts of late years, it has long been evident that they are preparing for action. In a blind, and somewhat wild fashion it may be—often under very bad advice, and never long on the same course, but still persistently they have been seeking to obtain means of defence—to arm their forts with Krupp guns—to drill and discipline Chinese troops by foreign officers—to create a fleet, with docks and arsenals, and all other appliances derived from Western sources. And quite recently there is a report of an American general going out to put their whole coast in a state of defence. If this prove correct,

it is probably one of the many ill-conceived schemes suggested by trading firms with a view to large contracts, in which the Chinese may very easily waste their resources, and accomplish no really useful result. They would be better advised, if they spent, what they could well afford, much larger sums in developing a system of railroads and telegraphic lines, and working mines with European machinery and artificers, while creating a really effective land and sea force placed upon a good footing. They might in a very short space of time, by such efforts, become a power which would not only be able to hold its own against all enemies, but assert its right to be taken into European councils in all Asiatic affairs. China, however, has much to learn before this can come to pass; and in the mean time, with all her potential capabilities to make her alliance of as much importance in European combinations as any first-class power in the West, the policy and the aims of Chinese rulers are little heeded. There is, notwithstanding, no state in the West that could so easily put a million of men on foot, or maintain a first-class fleet; if we take into account her almost unlimited resources in men, and all the elements of wealth. But then the rulers of the empire must first know how to bring into play their ample means, learn to choose fit instruments, and fully trust them; and there is so little sound influence perceptible in the councils of China, that it is perhaps just as well they should be left by slower processes to reach a higher level. Chinese reforms in every direction are much wanted, and the most obvious and ready means of effecting them are denied to the government, so long as the unreasoning susceptibilities and mutual jealousies of foreign powers, interfere with the perfect freedom of the Chinese to employ their own agencies, without dictation or interference as to their selection from different nationalities, or their dealings with individuals once in their service.

Little or nothing has been said of Japan, and yet since its revolution it has been daily rising in importance. With a population of thirty millions, inferior to no Asiatics in courage and industrious power, with a beautiful group of islands for their country, and an earnest desire to assimilate Western civilization and culture, the day is not far distant when their place in the comity of nations may be willingly conceded. European policy, and alliances for peace and war will have

to take account of their presence in the high-roads of western and eastern commerce across the Pacific, and in the Chinese seas. If they were to be absorbed by Russia, as they once might well have feared, or were in alliance with it or the United States in an European war, in which either of the latter were belligerents, they might prove very useful allies, and troublesome enemies to the commerce of any other State having a great Eastern trade. They, too, are getting up a fleet on European models, which may before long assume respectable proportions, while among their islands are some of the finest harbours of the world. Russia has lately obtained possession of their half of Sagalien in exchange for the Kuril islands to the north of Japan. I do not know that any valid objection can be raised to such an exchange; but it is to be hoped that this kind of traffic may end there. Japan has always been jealous of her independence, and she may now count upon the interest which all the Western world has in its preservation.

I do not believe, as Mr. Long lately urged, that the real goal of Russia is China. Great as are the powers of deglutition and assimilation which Russia has shown, China is too indigestible and too large a morsel, however desirable for trade. The Bosphorus or the Persian Gulf are the true termini of the Russian lines of advance. India is merely subsidiary, and chiefly to be used as a means of giving "check to the queen" on the great chessboard of Europe, whenever England's policy runs counter to Russian aims. It may be true enough that possession of the valley of the Oxus, like that of the Caucasus, is not an ultimate point, but only a resting-place or stage in advance; but we may be satisfied that neither the conquest of India or of China, has yet entered into the plans of Russian rulers or statesmen. Nor can I think that there would be any wisdom in anticipating hostile intentions, by advancing to meet a Russian advance halfway at Merv, or Herat on the Afghan border. Russia certainly desires to secure the monopoly of trade in Central Asia and the west of China perhaps,—but we should be ill advised to make this a ground for hostilities, and a war with Russia beyond the Himalayahs. Russia may not be a very safe or commodious neighbour on our Indian frontier, any more than China thinks we should be on the Burmese side—warned by experience of Russian neighbourhood on the north;



but I cannot help believing, with Lord Napier and Ettrick, that our best policy lies in securing Afghanistan from Russian influence. I believe trade is our chief means of traversing any Russian designs of exclusion and monopoly. But if Russia succeeds by force of arms in shutting out our commerce from Central Asia, it is a lesser evil than war. Only we must make it perfectly clear that we regard Afghanistan as the exclusive theatre of English influence, without prejudice to its internal government or national independence. The best interests of the Afghans march with our own. We should guarantee its absolute integrity, with reference to any external aggression, but tolerate no participation of political influence or aggression on her boundaries, such as we had defined or should define them. This was the opinion given by Lord Napier when presiding at the reading of Mr. Long's paper, and I most entirely agree with him in the belief that if such a policy be openly declared, there is no fear of collision with Russia, and no reason why we should not maintain very good relations with that country in Central Asia as in Europe. After all it would be quite as easy for England to raise up enemies in Central Asia to Russia, as for the latter to create a danger or troubles for us in India, and with probably worse results. It has yet to be proved, whatever may be the alleged Orientalism of Russia, that she is a better ruler of Asiatics than ourselves.

RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
NAN.

A SUMMER SCENE.

PART II.

NAN is too proud to look back. She pictures the party gaily floating off, Augusta, perchance in *her* old place, Dick comfortable, indifferent, and thinking no more of her. Why should she think of him?

Accordingly she is laughing and talking merrily to the colonel, as long as the boat is in sight, and to all appearance they are making game of the weary trudge before them. There is no sign of flagging courage in either. Suddenly comes "Halloo!" from behind, the river party being well out of sight.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XL 566

There is Dick, walking rather fast, but cool as ever.

The dear old colonel! He instantly proposes waiting for him, while his little companion says not a word; but her eyes are shining, and the walk has changed its whole aspect.

Dick comes up on her other side, while the colonel apologizes for their hasty departure. "We had no idea you were coming, my dear fellow."

Dick takes the forget-me-nots out of his cousin's hand, and expresses approval of her conduct.

"It was a brave idea, Nan. After all, the walk will be far pleasanter. They are a noisy set."

"I like to see a young lady step out like that!" observes the colonel, energetically. "What is to become of our girls, I, for one, cannot imagine. They never do anything but drive, drive, drive, or dance, dance, dance; then when the ice comes they wonder how a single day's skating knocks them up. There's nothing like walking for health, happiness, and—beauty," says the old gentleman, with old-fashioned straightforwardness, and a glance at the colour in the fair maid's cheeks beside him.

Dick looks round too, and smiles, trying to catch her eye; but Nan looks fixedly along the lane, and so he has to speak to her.

"What do you think about it, Nan?"

"Oh, nothing. I—I don't know many girls," replies she. "Look, there they are! There they are, in the boat. How pretty it looks at that distance!"

"A great deal prettier in the distance than near at hand," observes the old gentleman, with cheerful malice; and perhaps the others agree in their hearts.

What a delightful old gentleman he is, to be sure! He always does the very thing he is wanted to do, and never makes an ill-timed suggestion.

Dick sees honeysuckle in the hedges, and they wait whilst he tears it down.

He finds a robin's nest. Finally he remembers that there are strawberries on a bank close by, and Nan must come and get some.

The colonel thinks he will sit quietly on the stile till they return. There is no hurry. Oh, dear no! It is quite early.

In consequence the pair are away fully half an hour, and all the largest berries have been saved for him.

They will be late for dinner, of course.

One does not post along the roads in pleasant company; nor can people be

expected to be home to a minute who go poking about banks for strawberries, and have to sit down and rest by the wayside every now and then.

Dick insists upon these rests. He is in high feather, and talks so much and so well that Nan wonders how she ever thought him silent.

The old gentleman listens and laughs good-humouredly. Very likely, innocent as he looks, he has a suspicion that he is playing gooseberry.

Dick sits at his cousin's feet and examines the hole he has made in her dress; for the folds have given way, and altogether it has come to a sad end.

Shall he fasten it up again? She thinks not. He informs her that it will need to go to the wash, with other general hints. Nan tells him pleasantly that he knows nothing about it.

Where are all her fears of Dick flown to? She finds herself talking to him as if she had known him all her life.

And he is listening to her, too, earnestly, and with a strange gravity upon his face, for she is telling them all about her life,—her curious simple life in the old manor-house among the hills.

Only her old grandmother with her! And granny is eighty-five! What then? Yet Nan prattles on as sweetly and fearlessly as a child.

Dick does not care to move—is careless about dinner.

Thinks they have done eating enough for one day.

Is it not only now beginning to get bearable out-of-doors?

This picnic was the maddest escapade that ever was, and they really can't be expected to cut short the only pleasant part of it.

Part of this is for his two acquiescing partners; part, with more in the same strain, is issued at the head of the unoffending Detty, who, arrayed for the evening, crosses the hall as the trio trudge in.

Detty has said nothing to call forth such a tirade. She is gentle and smiling as ever, and only pauses to assure them that they may yet be in moderate time, as dinner has been postponed.

"We were so late ourselves, and then we could not get the Dents off. Are you not very tired, Nan dear? It was so good of you to think of it; and as for that Augusta, the way she went on coming home——" Drawing-room door opens. "Be quick!—there's a good girl." Exit Detty.

Nan comes down towards the middle of dinner, and finds herself far away from Dick.

The kind hostess calls down the table to reproach her for foolhardiness, while a special glass of wine is despatched immediately.

Every one asks if she is tired.

She does not look tired, but sits very still; talking to any one but Dick is an effort.

Her limbs ache, too, and the soft dining-room chair yields a delicious sense of repose.

She cannot go out with the others after dinner, yet dares not inhabit the recess by herself. So she takes a stool inside the bow-window, which is open down to the ground, and by-and-by four black figures jump out of a far-off casement, and come along the terrace.

They are all lighting cigars.

Hefton proposes the shrubbery, but Dick has had enough walking, or says so, and seats himself outside Nan's window-sill.

Happy, hoped-for moment!

He is not now in a talking vein, and neither is she.

Assured of her not disliking it, he puffs away, leaning his head against the stone mullion, and looking down on the little figure inside.

She rests her cheek on her hand, doing nothing, and Dick thinks her a perfect picture of repose.

Presently comes his mother's voice, making his picture start, and turn her head.

"Nan, my dear, are you inclined to give us a little music?"

"Don't go," says Dick.

"I cannot refuse."

"Get some of the others to-night, mother. Nan has had a tremendous walk."

"My dear child, I had quite forgotten. Of course you must not *think* of moving. Poor dear! can you not find a more comfortable chair? Come, lie down on this sofa. No one will notice. Poor thing!"

Nan moves irresolutely.

It is hard on her, but she must, unless she would have it thought, have it suspected—what she would not for worlds and worlds.

Dick saves her again.

"How can you sit stuffing in that hot room, mother? It ought to make you faint. Nan had much better stay where she is. Don't you go, Nan. You'll hear the nightingales directly."

Nan never hears nightingales in the north. Perhaps her pleasure in them is a little enhanced by circumstances in the present instance, but it must be genuine, for immediately the others come up, Detty accosts her with, "Oh, Nan, I am so glad you are here! I was afraid you were missing the nightingales. If you *can* come down to the wood you will see glow-worms too. They are just beginning to peep out. Don't come if you would rather not."

"Oh yes, come," says Dick. Apparently he does not object to her moving now.

The others are all standing round upon the terrace, and Miss Bushe looks sarcastic.

"I suppose Miss Church is not tired *now*," says she. Softly as the words are spoken, Miss Church understands. Her conscience is not clear. She falters. "Perhaps to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night we shall all be dancing, my dear; but never mind, you look far too comfortable to stir."

This from Detty. Nan says no more, afraid alike of friend and foe.

The girls sit down, and the two newcomers who have spared one day from town for the country gaiety are very lively.

They arrived a few hours ago, and find the country superlatively charming—for the day. Nevertheless they work hard in their endeavours to induce Edie and Detty Wyatt to quit it. There are still a few weeks of the season remaining, why should they not run up for that time?

Miss Bushe combats the idea. Why *should* they? For her part she is tired of the racket and fury of London life, and finds a rational existence much more to her mind.

The Ladies Ann and Harriet stare. Such sentiments from Augusta Bushe are something new. Of Edith they quite approve. Mr. Burnand is undoubtedly a good *parti*. Miss Church is an elegant girl, and they rather admire her yellow-haired hair.

Altogether, it is refreshing to be among a new set of people, and a good night's rest is what they have not had since Easter.

Will Nan have a good night's rest?

Dick took her to see the glow-worms after all; and this was how he did it.

Augusta goes to sing, and the other young ladies are delicate; so Edith escorts them indoors; and suddenly Dick slips off his seat.

"Come, Detty, I'll take you and Nan down to the bridge now."

Detty is charmed to be asked by her brother. Nan deliberates. Dick looks at her, and smiles in that way of his. She rises and he draws her through the window. When Augusta has finished her songs, she finds that her audience is sadly diminished.

Nan comes in with a flushed face and shining eyes. Glow-worms? Oh yes, plenty. There is no dew fallen and their feet are quite dry.

Lady Wyatt orders them all off to bed. Everybody is to sleep as long as they can, and be as fresh as possible for the ball.

The Ladies Ann and Harriet are faintly amused. Ball after ball they go to as regularly as the nights come round, and such precautions are strange in their eyes.

Dick is talking of billiards; Dallis has flown to light everybody's candle; and Pax Burnand is making himself agreeable to Edith's papa.

Soon the house is quiet, and Nan could wish that the nightingales were silent too.

She must sleep with open windows; and through them the loud, melodious, juggling trill comes almost too continuously. Her blue forget-me-nots are in water on the wash-handstand, and a piece of honeysuckle crammed in beside them. It was this Dick gave her, when he said that about his afternoon's amusement which is not worth repeating.

The night grows hotter instead of cooler. A low growl is heard in the distance. A swift flash sweeps into the room.

Nan, in an agony of terror, rushes along the passage to be beside her cousins; and the three huddle together in one bed, hiding their faces, and scarce uttering a syllable, while the thunderstorm rages overhead.

Presently comes their father's voice at the door, a ghostly sound. "Are you all right, girls?"

"Yes, papa."

"Go in and see what your cousin is about, then: I cannot make her hear."

Laughter from within. "She is here, papa. We are all here. Is it going off?"

"Going off? Oh dear, yes! The last was fully ten miles distant. Good night. Your mother wanted to be sure that you were all safe and sound. I have been round the rooms."

Their fears abated, grumbles begin.

The grass will be wet for the next evening, wet for the ball. Detty was wakened from her first good sleep. Nan is sure she will not sleep all night.

A gentle patter succeeds the rush of rain on the window-panes, and Nan at length departs, shuts her own window, and congratulates herself that at all events those dreadful birds are silent at last. The room is cool, bed is comfortable, she says a little prayer, and slumbers off, waking to wonder how it had been possible for her to sleep so soundly and so long.

This day is Nan's last at Wyatt Hall. Queen's Gate has faded into the dimmest and most insipid of backgrounds, and the old life in Westmoreland is gone forever. One way or other, all will be changed for her when she returns thither.

The cousins cease not to lament her going. Miss Bushe is very cold and disdainful, and sweeps past in her dainty millinery with the slightest possible "Good morning."

Augusta is looking very well in a fresh mauve muslin, while poor, extravagant Nan has exhausted her last respectable dress, and is reduced to a shabby make-shift.

She heeds it not, but has her eyes on the floor, her ears in the doorway.

Dick is very late, and Burnand is absent too. It turns out that they went off to fish at six o'clock, and two hearts sink a little at this announcement. Girls don't understand this going to fish when things are coming to a crisis between them and their lovers. Edith sits by her cousin, and both are thinking the same thoughts.

They go out together on the terrace afterwards, and sit facing the river.

Detty and Lady Ann, Augusta and Lady Harriet, come out in pairs. Horses and pony-carts are ordered, and the morning is got through somehow.

At luncheon the delinquents appear. Dick comes at once to his cousin, shows her his trophies, and leans on the back of her chair talking about them; he is going to sit down beside her when his mother despatches him to carve, and Nan thinks evil of Lady Wyatt in her heart.

So on throughout the unsatisfactory day.

It is wasted — absolutely, irrevocably wasted. Days of this sort are every one's experience. They are days of mistakes, blunders, stupidity.

What but a blunder was it on the part of good Lady Wyatt to order the men out of the way, in order that her girls

might be brisk and sprightly for the ball? and what but stupidity was it on the part of the men to obey?

Nan begins to look forward almost wildly to the evening.

Carefully, anxiously, does she array herself before the mirror. Her dress is all that it should be this time, — bepluffed, beflounced, beflowered in the most approved style, yet pure, simple, and fresh as the fair wearer herself.

Detty pronounces her perfect; hair, ornaments, everything.

Detty meanwhile is gaping at herself, as she is reflected by the great glass into a hand-glass, which she holds aloft with one arm.

"Detty, I have not got a single pair of clean gloves."

"There is the box, take a dozen if you like. I always take care to have a clean pair in my pocket."

"What size are they?"

No answer.

"These will do, thanks," says Nan. "Does Dick —" "A hair-pin, dear, don't you see? A big, fat one. There! That! Thanks!"

"Do Dick and Walter —"

"Oh, look here, Nan! can you put this right? I felt sure there was something wrong; that woman never does do my hair as I like it. Shall I have to take down the whole side? Ah! that's better. Thank you — yes, that will do. You see, Nan, I have to seize the moment when she goes out of the room —" Maid re-enters, and Nan never finds out what it was she came to discover about Dick and Walter.

Dick is reading in the drawing-room when the bevy of maidens rustle in. He looks up kindly, and Edith is emboldened to ask her brother if he likes their dresses; Burnand's eyes have already told his opinion.

"Much about the usual thing, aren't they, Edie?"

"Don't you think Nan's pretty?"

"Much about the same, isn't it, Nan?" says cruel Dick.

On this a goddess in clouds of azure gives Mr. Wyatt an encouraging smile. "Balls and ball-dresses are so stupid!" says Miss Bushe, sympathizingly.

Nan's ball begins well.

Her cousins are pleased with her, and proud of her. If she had been blind, halt, or maimed, Edie and Detty would still have done their duty conscientiously; but nevertheless they are fully able to distinguish and appreciate the difference be-

tween distributing the glances of a bright-eyed favourite among eager applicants, and inflicting the hand of a soured and sorrowful dummy upon men who can hardly be persuaded to take it.

So, first, Edith leads up a fair man, and then Detty a dark one; and a little of the old Queen's Gate feeling comes over Nan as she whirls away among the dancers.

There is no crowd. The long lofty rooms would hold nearly double the number assembled. The spring in the floor is delicious.

Nan's feet fly, and for the first half-hour she can think of nothing but the delight of dancing.

It is clear that Dick is not going to dance.

He is lounging in the doorway, in the midst of a bundle of black coats, little Hefton with him.

Pax Burnand is dancing again and again with Edith, and Mr. Dallie is engaged to every girl in the room.

Nan's eyes begin to turn wistfully towards that doorway, but she has not much breathing-space, for she is in great request.

Must she accept every proposal? So she supposes, Aunt Eliza's teaching being that under no circumstances can a young lady refuse to dance, unless she intends sitting down all the evening.

This being the Queen's Gate creed, Nan acts up to it.

She remembers her cousin William's wrathful invectives, when he had been once, as he termed it, "thrown over," and would be loath to tempt any one to speak so of her.

Walter has danced twice with his cousin. He did not see Nan till she was in ball-attire, when he decided at once that she was pretty, but not equal by any means to Miss Bushe.

Walter is a neat youth, infinitely more of a lady's man than his brother. He thinks Dick is too much of a swell, but consoles himself with the bad make of his boots.

True to Edwin's prognostications, the fellows have also arrived, and some of them ask to be introduced to Miss Church. The red-haired girl with her ivory-like skin, is one of the belles of the room.

She is a good dancer, too, and indefatigable; but paler and paler grow Nan's cheeks.

At last she really cannot go on.

Dick has just passed into the supper-room with Georgie Dent on his arm; and

as they went by, Eddy and she were in their way. Eddy, who has been forsaken of late by Miss Henrietta, has in consequence transferred his affections; and just as Dick was behind, he was passionately imploring his partner to go out of doors with him.

Seeing the impression she makes on the fellows increases, perhaps it originally suggested Edwin's ardour.

He sticks to her. He declares, vows, and protests with unflagging earnestness that she is engaged to him.

He inveigles her into confidential seats, and detains her nearly half an hour at supper.

Bewildered Nan is no match for him. She is only conscious of her secret, and will work herself to death to hide it.

So she talks, and simpers, and would give anything to be rid of her tormentor. But it was too much to have Dick overhear Edwin's folly. There he was, pressed against them in the doorway, quietly guiding his lady's steps, while that stupid, tiresome boy — oh, how could he do it?

Nan owns at last that she is tired.

She seats herself resolutely within the dancing-room, and as close as she can to the doorway; Dick coming in or out must not only see her, but be close beside her. She will know at least how much of this is of his seeking, how much is accidental.

Presently Edith comes floating along, and stops, panting gently, but still with not a dishevelled hair on that small, smooth head.

"Is it not delightful, Nan?"

"Very."

"Why are you not dancing?"

"I am tired, thank you."

"Tired already! I could go on all night."

"I suppose I must not expect one, then?" says Burnand, courteously. He has asked Nan before, but she was engaged. By his look she knows she may refuse him again without offending; so she does, and he is quite satisfied.

Dick is standing by the mantelpiece, spinning a top. Round him the men flock, as usual. Everybody wants to try. Loud laughter. The top falls off the shelf, rolls away among the dancers, and down come a couple. It is Miss Bushe and Captain Hackston, the biggest man in the room.

Augusta is greatly vexed; but Dick makes such abject apologies, and looks so vexed himself, as he really is, that she must perform forgive him. Besides, she



has taken note of Mr. Wyatt's behaviour during the evening, and is quite relieved by it; she had really almost begun to think, absurd as the idea was, that he was taken with that forward, flirting little creature.

So on the ball goes. Tum-tum-tum, the ceaseless tunes succeed each other; and with unwearied alacrity respond the swish, rustle, and whirl of flowing robes. Going on her rounds of civility, the kind hostess lights on Nan.

She recollects that this is a stranger, and thinks that she has exhausted her partners. She is alone at this time; for Eddy, bemoaning his fate, has been compelled to leave her, to take part in what he terms a dreadful abominable duty-dance.

His going is an unutterable relief; but still Nan is conscious that she looks rather forlorn.

However, now is her only hope. She is free at last, and Dick *may* come, for he is close at hand, speaking to no one.

She has hardly patience to answer the old lady civilly, so feverishly eager is she for that mass of black satin and lace to move out of the way.

The music has stopped, and the dancers are parading. Mrs. Dent is forced aside. Now, Dick—now!

He is looking at her. He has moved.

"Miss Church," in Georgina Dent's sweetest tones, "Captain Hackston wishes to be introduced."

Miss Church mechanically rises, forgets to plead fatigue, forgets that she has just refused Mr. Burnand and persistently put down Eddy Dent, is conscious only of a pair of stern grave eyes fixed upon her, and will not have Dick think she declines for him. The moment has passed, and her hand is within Captain Hackston's arm.

Oh, unkind Georgina! And unkind, unkindest Dick!

So she waltzes with Captain Hackston, and trails through a weary lancers with old Sir John Bushe, who is under the impression all the time that it is a quadrille which has miscarried; and it is getting far into the morning, and the ball is nearly over.

The flowers in her bosom are not more wan and woe-begone than she.

"Why, Nan, I thought all your London dissipation would have carried you through one country ball!" cries Detty, looking as bright as a lark.

"Is the carriage come, Detty?"

"Papa and mamma went, you know,

ages ago. The Bushes are just going now, and Edith with them. I rather think (laughing) that Mr. Burnand is on the box. I asked particularly for you to stay, for I knew you could not be spared. We shall go as soon as the carriage comes back. We have only one out to go home in, you know. What is it to be, Edwin?"

"Sir Roger. I say, Miss Detty, you have quite forsaken me; let us have this together."

One more chance for Nan.

Dick can go through Sir Roger, and perhaps he will, with her; at all events there will be one other quarter of an hour, in which, hope against hope, something *may* turn up.

She looks all around. No Dick.

"Oh, there will be enough without me," to Walter.

"See if you cannot get some one else," to a member of the fraternity of fellows.

Where is Dick? The dance has begun. The first person who comes forward is her cousin, and then Nan sees that he is heading the dance with old Mrs. Dent. She has gained nothing, and is the only person sitting down in the room.

The carriage is at the door ere they have done dancing, and Detty, radiant as ever, hurries her off to the cloak-room.

"Such fun, Nan. Why, it is broad daylight! I don't want to go home at all. Walter, go and find Augusta. Oh, here she is, with Dick! Mind you give us another ball soon, Eddy."

"Do come back to-morrow night, and let us have it over again," pleads Eddy, his head in at the carriage-window. "I say, I wish you would. I'll come over and ask you."

"Are they both going outside?" inquires Detty, indicating her brothers.

"Here, Walter, you get in," suggests young Dent.

"Then where is Dallis?" inquires Walter.

"He sleeps here to-night, you know. Hefton went with the last lot, and so did that other one. I say, Walter, do stay and sleep on my sofa. Do, there's a good fellow."

Walter, however, is not tempted, and the carriage rolls off among the poppy-fields in the cool morning light.

Augusta and Detty prate without ceasing, while Walter keeps up a hum of by-gone waltzes.

Augusta is much concerned that Miss Church did not seem to enjoy herself,



she looked so overdone that every one noticed it. It was a pity she stayed so late; she supposed she was not accustomed to balls.

Miss Blisset, woke out of her sleep by the third roll of wheels under her window, thinks how happy they all are, and almost wishes they would not talk about it, as she knows they will, the whole of that day and the next.

Hot soup follows the girls to their rooms. Nan and Augusta find Edith and Lady Ann still up, but Lady Ann is yawning, and takes her departure almost immediately. She and her sister have had their own friends at the ball, and have been brought home by some of these. They protest that they have greatly enjoyed themselves, and are a thousand times more fatigued than they have been at any ball in town this season. One does dance so in the country, it is quite delightful.

Edith has had her soup, and there is no possible reason why she should not plait up her hair and get into bed, but she prefers to sit dallying with her brushes, and looks as smiling and wide awake as possible.

"Well, madam," says her sister, lovingly, "I presume *you* have enjoyed yourself?"

So it appears. Edith has enjoyed herself immensely, hopes that Augusta has, and Nan likewise.

Of course they have, both of them. Nan takes down her hair, drawing off the little gossamer web of a net, and making a pile of frizettes, flowers, and hair-pins on the table.

They take their soup, and Augusta moves off smiling and serene.

Nan waits a few minutes longer, to see if the sisters have anything to say, any sort of indirect consolation to administer.

They have not; no thought of her and Dick has ever entered their minds.

"Good night, Edie."

"Good morning, Nan."

"Do get into bed now," says Detty, with authority. "Nan has to think of that horrid journey to-morrow. Nan, do go, there's a dear. She won't be quiet till you do, and you ought to think of yourself too," says Miss Detty, with unprecedented prudence.

Yes, Nan has her journey, and she knows that her trunk has to be packed besides.

Little would she have cared for that, if — ah, well! it is the last drop in her cup, now.

She gathers up her ornaments and flowers, and departs. Softly going along the gallery her step makes no sound, and her fingers are on the door-handle of her own room.

Suddenly the opposite door opens — she looks round — there is Dick.

Not a sound in the great house save the tick-tick of the tall clock in the passage, loudly telling how the time wears on.

Dick is going to have a pipe. He has put on a rough smoking-coat, which contrasts oddly with his shining nether garments, and is hurrying off to join his friends, when he thus comes face to face with his cousin.

He stands still.

She stands still.

Must she, must she open the door, and when she shuts it after her, close also her last glimpse of hope? Yes, if Dick makes no sign.

She opens the door, Dick steps up hurriedly. "May I keep you for a minute?"

Her arm falls by her side.

"Come into the schoolroom."

"Yes, wait a moment."

Into her chamber she steps, flings down the rubbish on the bed, passes a comb through her tangles of twisted hair, and goes after him.

Dick is standing by the window, with his knee on the ledge, his hands in his pockets, and his forehead pressed against the panes.

The clock says half-past four, and the birds are in full chorus outside.

Ghostly looks the schoolroom at this hour. There is Miss Blisset's work-basket gaping open on the table, and the book with which she solaced her lonely evening. There is the piano, whose voice never ceases by day, closed, silent. There is the backboard on which some little figure reclines perpetually, empty, and tilted up against the wall. The very maps and globes have an air of undisturbed repose.

The books nestle tranquilly together on the shelves.

All sense of weariness has left Nan now.

She comes up to Dick in her crumpled ball-dress, with her flowing fleece of hair, and shining ornaments, a strange vision in this grim early light.

She is all in a tumult, but still she has an eye to see how nice *he* looks. One glance suffices to take him in from head to foot; no collar, the red burnt neck

showing against the white shirt, the rough coat and the sleek black trousers; Dick never looked to greater advantage, while she — but no matter, he turns round and draws his knee off the ledge.

Then he offers her a seat, which she mutely disregards, and there is a pause, during which they eye each other awkwardly.

How on earth is he to begin? Nan has the best of it at the outset, and that is something. He has sought the interview, and speak he must. At last he makes the plunge.

"Nan, I want to ask you a question!"

"Yes?"

"What made you go on so, to-night?"

Go on so! Go on how? What does he mean? What has she done? After all, is there to be nothing but this? Has she been dreaming of a love-tale, and is she to have nothing but a lecture?

Mortifying, miserable thought! Wretched Nan! She strings herself up, and answers slowly and proudly, "I don't know what you mean."

"You don't know. Oh! perhaps I should not have spoken. I thought you might, that was all," says Mr. Wyatt, with freezing politeness. "I see I was mistaken."

No answer.

"I need not detain you then. Pray excuse me," says Dick, with his best bow.

An answering bow, a quiver of the lips, she sweeps away.

The room is blocked somehow, or Nan does not see clearly, and her dress is caught in a garden chair. It rends — she tears it off; it rends further but still holds on — she stoops her head, and Dick sees the tears running down her face.

In a moment he is by her side.

"I can't help it," sobs the poor child, struggling for breath and crimson with shame. "I am so — so tired. Let me go."

"You must not go yet," says Dick in her ear. "Nan, don't you know that this is *everything* to me? I am no boy to be able to fall in and out of love every second day. Come here. Sit down. Dear," very softly, "you are not afraid of me?"

Afraid? No. But she is so ashamed, she is so weak, so helpless. Will she ever dare to look him in the face again?

Yet his arm is round her waist, and one of her little shoulders is pressed against his rough coat. She must master

herself, and explain if she can, or get away if she can't. Yet she can do nothing but cry. The anxieties, heart-sinkings, turning-points of that most miserable night have been too much for her at last.

Dick attacks, questions, pets, and coaxes, but she is dumb.

"You sha'n't get away now, I will not let you," says he, quietly. "You must say something, or I shall have to say it for you. Speak, Nan."

She lifts her face to speak, and Dick clasps the little lovely face to his bosom.

And what has it all been about then?

Absolutely nothing.

He had spoken to her, and she had not heard, and she had danced though he had not asked her, or some such finely-drawn nonsense.

The right is on her side, and Nan knows it is, but she cannot claim it. There is a lump in her throat, so that she cannot utter a syllable.

And he looks at her, and a great sense of his love, and his triumph, and his happiness comes over him. Why, Dick, what a heart you have! What hidden wells lie there, unknown and undreamed of; simply because they have never been probed before!

Let them spring up fearlessly now, and unchecked; the little north-country girl with the magic of her bright, loving, contented spirit has broken the spell. And she will be a happy woman, and you have won a treasure. God bless you both!

Six hours later, and breakfast is going slowly on. One by one the stragglers have dropped in: Miss Blisset has begun her daily round two hours ago; and at last comes down Miss Nan Church, latest of all, and looking as demure as if she had been teaching a Sunday class the night before, and had had a bowl of bread-and-milk for supper after it.

She takes the vacant seat, and finds it is directly opposite Dick.

He says "Good morning" in ceremonious accents, and then gives her a look over his coffee-cup that settles her for the time being.

Some one is asking about her train. Lady Wyatt remembers to offer her maid, and the Ladies Ann and Harriet will be charmed if Miss Church will accept their escort, as far as they can travel together.

It is very perplexing.

Dick has laughed to scorn the idea of her going, and has assured her he will

make it all straight; and now he goes unconcernedly on with his cold salmon, and she even sees a smile in his eyes, when she has to make her vague unsatisfactory answers.

No sooner, however, does the old colonel, still her constant friend, quit Nan's side, than Dick rises, walks round the table, and seats himself in the vacant chair.

Can he have sent up that red rose she wears in her bosom? Can he now, as he turns towards her, pretending to admire it, be speaking of something quite different, something known only to their two selves?

So it is; he is telling Nan not to mind, it will be all over in half an hour; and then he asks her to go and wait in the drawing-room while he tells the governor.

He is going now; and, accordingly, he quits the room; and Miss Bushe again experiences a sensation of relief. Mr. Wyatt is nothing to her, of course; but she would be sorry to see him entangled in any absurd way. As Miss Church goes away in the afternoon, she has no objection to take her own departure also, especially as they will meet the Wyatts next week at Preddingtram, and then who can tell what may happen?

Edith and Detty have so many departing guests to attend to, that Nan is able to escape from them better than she could have hoped, and the drawing-room is empty at this hour.

She seizes her opportunity and steals in thither, taking refuge among the music-books.

Of course her music is mislaid; but what a wretchedly uncomfortable half-hour it is! Everybody going in and out troubles her; and what if any one should stay! Oh! why did Dick put her there? And why is he so long in coming?

Every minute is precious. She is shaking all over. And then the party of girls come along the terrace, and stroll off towards the garden, and at last he comes.

A whisper, a pause, something else, and she goes off with him like a tame dove.

Well, of course it is all right. No one who knows Lord and Lady Wyatt would doubt that. Nan escapes at last, with half the life kissed and pressed out of her, and finds the maid raging up and down in her bedroom, and stuffing all her best garments maliciously into the bottom of the trunk, in revenge for having been kept waiting.

Miss Church must excuse her, my lady sent her there an hour ago, and she could not possibly tell what Miss Church would wish to have left out. She begs pardon, but there is so little time.

The woman is gently dismissed, Miss Church does not travel that day.

Nan takes her hat, and goes down just as she is, for Dick is waiting.

Passing out at the garden door, they meet the whole troop of men and maidens point-blank, and for once in his life Dick *does* blush.

Edith steps forward. "Nan, dear, you have been looking for us. We went down the long path to get some strawberries. Are you going? Mind you keep to the right, they are only ripe under the netting."

"All right—I'll take her," says Dick, in unmistakable accents, and no one dares to say a word.

They go off, away from the strawberry-bed, in view of the whole party, and then a smothered guffaw from little Hefton shows that the secret is out. He knows, of course.

Dick told him the first thing in the morning, and it was he who took them all off to the garden, to leave the field clear for his friend.

"Well, Miss Wyatt?"

Edith looks as if she had seen a ghost. "I really had no idea of that," whispers Lady Ann, charmingly interested. "You sly things, how well you have kept it to yourselves!"

Edith is not sure whether she has kept it or not, is unable to answer Lord Hefton, feels as if the ground were rising under her feet.

When she lifts her eyes at last, it is to find two other eyes fastened upon them.

For Pax Burnand has caught fire; and so, when Dick and Nan come back, they find that another pair have mated likewise; and poor Lord Wyatt never thinks of the day after a ball all the rest of his life, without a shudder.

Nobody responds to Eddy Dent's invitation, though the poor lad has ridden over in the heat of the day to give it.

They are far happier at home. When the last carriage with the Bushes in it rolls away from the door, every one feels relieved. Augusta is so odd and tired. And does she always have a headache after a ball?

At any rate they are all now of one heart and one mind.

After dinner they have strawberries-and-cream on the lawn. Nan has had

her sleep out in the afternoon, and has written her letter, and the whole house knows about it. Dick lies at her feet, and the nightingales are singing in the wood below.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
ON ANIMAL INSTINCT:

IN ITS RELATION TO THE MIND OF MAN.

THE very old question whether animals are "automata" was raised by Professor Huxley in the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1874. It has been since pursued here in successive papers of much ability by Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Mivart. I find myself in partial agreement sometimes with one, sometimes with another of these writers, and yet on some important matters dissenting from them all. Approaching the subject from a different point of view, I cannot better explain the aspect in which this question presents itself to me than by discussing it in connection with certain exhibitions of animal instinct which I had occasion to observe during the spring and summer of last year. They were not uncommon cases. On the contrary they were of a kind of which the whole world is full. But not the less directly did they suggest all the problems under discussion, and not the less forcibly did they strike me with the admiration and the wonder which no familiarity can exhaust.

The dipper or water-ousel (*Cinclus aquaticus*) is well known to ornithologists as one of the most curious and interesting of British birds. Its special habitat is clear mountain streams. These it never leaves except to visit the lakes into which or from which they flow. Without the assistance of webbed feet it has extraordinary powers of swimming and of diving—moving about upon and under the surface with more than the ease and dexterity of a fish—hunting along the bottom as if it had no power to float—floating on the top as if it had no power to sink—now diving where the stream is smooth, now where it is quick and broken, and suddenly reappearing perched on the summit of some projecting point. Its plumage is in perfect harmony with its "environment"—dark, with a pure white breast, which looks exactly like one of the flashes of light so numerous in rapid streams, or one of the little balls of foam which loiter among the stones. Its very song is set to the music of rapid waters.

No bird, perhaps, is more specially adapted to a very special home, and very peculiar habits of life. The same species, or other forms so closely similar as to seem mere varieties, are found in almost every country of the world where there are mountain streams. And yet it is a species having no very near affinity with any other bird, and it constitutes by itself a separate genus. It is therefore a species of great interest to the naturalist, and raises some of the most perplexing questions connected with the "origin of species."

A pair of these birds built their nest last year at Inverary, in a hole in the wall of a small tunnel constructed to carry a rivulet under the walks of a pleasure-ground. The season was one of great drought, and the rivulet, during the whole time of incubation, and of the growth of the young in the nest, was nearly entirely dry. One of the nestlings when almost fully fledged, was taken out by the hand for examination, an operation which so alarmed the others that they darted out of the hole, and ran and fluttered down the tunnel towards its mouth. At that point a considerable pool of water had survived the drought, and lay in the path of the fugitives. They did not at all appear to seek it; on the contrary, their flight seemed to be as aimless as that of any other fledgling would have been in the same predicament. But one of them stumbled into the pool. The effect was most curious. When the young bird touched the water there was a moment of pause, as if the creature were surprised. Then instantly there seemed to wake within it the sense of its hereditary powers. Down it dived with all the facility of its parents, and the action of its wings under the water was a beautiful exhibition of the double adaptation to progression in two very different elements, which is peculiar to the wings of most of the diving birds. The young dipper was immediately lost to sight among some weeds, and so long did it remain under water that I feared it must be drowned. But in due time it reappeared all right, and, being recaptured, was replaced in the nest.

Later in the season, on a secluded lake in one of the Hebrides, I observed a dundiver, or female of the red-breasted merganser, (*Mergus serrator*) with her brood of young ducklings. On giving chase in the boat, we soon found that the young, although not above a fortnight old, had such extraordinary powers of swimming

and diving, that it was almost impossible to capture them. The distance they went under water, and the unexpected places in which they emerged, baffled all our efforts for a considerable time. At last one of the brood made for the shore, with the object of hiding among the grass and heather which fringed the margin of the lake. We pursued it as closely as we could, but when the little bird gained the shore, our boat was still about twenty yards off. Long drought had left a broad margin of small flat stones and mud between the water and the usual bank. I saw the little bird run up about a couple of yards from the water, and then suddenly disappear. Knowing what was likely to be enacted, I kept my eye fixed on the spot; and when the boat was run upon the beach, I proceeded to find and pick up the chick. But on reaching the place of disappearance, no sign of the young merganser was to be seen. The closest scrutiny, with the certain knowledge that it was there, failed to enable me to detect it. Proceeding cautiously forwards, I soon became convinced that I had already overshot the mark; and, on turning round, it was only to see the bird rise like an apparition from the stones, and dashing past the stranded boat, regain the lake,—where, having now recovered its wind, it instantly dived and disappeared. The tactical skill of the whole of this manœuvre, and the success with which it was executed, were greeted with loud cheers from the whole party; and our admiration was not diminished when we remembered that some two weeks before that time the little performer had been coiled up inside the shell of an egg, and that about a month before it was nothing but a mass of albumen and of fatty oils.

The third case of animal instinct which I shall here mention was of a different but of an equally common kind. In walking along the side of a river with overhanging banks, I came suddenly on a common wild duck (*Anas boschas*) whose young were just out. Springing from under the bank, she fluttered out into the stream with loud cries and with all the struggles to escape of a helplessly wounded bird. To simulate the effects of suffering from disease, or from strong emotion, or from wounds upon the human frame, is a common necessity of the actor's art, and it is not often really well done. The tricks of the theatre are seldom natural, and it is not without reason that "theatrical" has become a proverb-

ial expression for false and artificial representations of the realities of life. It was therefore with no small interest that on this, as on many other occasions, I watched the perfection of an art which Mrs. Siddons might have envied. The laboured and half-convulsive flapping of the wings, the wriggling of the body, the straining of the neck, and the whole expression of painful and abortive effort, were really admirable. When her struggles had carried her a considerable distance, and she saw that they produced no effect in tempting us to follow, she made resounding flaps upon the surface of the water, to secure that attention to herself which it was the great object of the manœuvre to attract. Then, rising suddenly in the air, she made a great circle round us, and returning to the spot renewed her endeavours as before. It was not, however, necessary; for the separate instinct of the young in successful hiding effectually baffled all my attempts to discover them.

Let us now look at the questions which these several exhibitions of animal instinct cannot fail to suggest; and first let us take the case of the young dipper. There was no possibility of imitation here. The rivulet beneath the nest, even if it had been visible to the nestlings, had been dry ever since they had been hatched. The river into which it ordinarily flowed was out of sight. The young dippers never could have seen the parent birds either swimming or diving. This, therefore, is one of the thousand cases which have driven the "experience" school of philosophy to take up new ground. The young dipper here cannot possibly have had any experience, either through the process of incipient effort, or through the process of sight and imitation. Nature is full of similar cases. In face of them it is now no longer denied that in all such cases "innate ideas" do exist, and that "pre-established harmonies" do prevail in nature. These old doctrines, so long ridiculed and denied, have come to be admitted, and the new philosophy is satisfied with attempts to explain how these "ideas" came to be innate, and how these harmonies came to be pre-established. The explanation is, that, though the efficiency of experience as the cause or source of instinct must be given up as regards the individual, we may keep it as regards the race to which the individual belongs. The powers of swimming and diving, and the impulse to use them for their appropriate purpose, were indeed innate in the little dip-



per of 1874. But then they were not innate in its remote progenitors. They were acquired by those progenitors through gradual effort—the trying leading to success, and the success again leading to more trying—both together leading first to special faculty, then to confirmed habit, and then, by hereditary transmission, to instinct “organized in the race.” Well, but even if this be true, was not the disposition of the progenitors to make the first efforts in the direction of swimming and diving, and were not the organs which enabled them to do so, as purely innate as the perfected instinct and the perfected organs of the dipper of today? Did there ever exist in any former period of the world what, so far as I know, does certainly not exist now—any animal with dispositions to enter on a new career, thought of and imagined for the first time by itself, unconnected with any organs already fitted for and appropriate to the purpose? Even the highest acquirements of the dog, under highly artificial conditions of existence, and under the guidance of persistent “interferences with nature,” are nothing but the special education of original instincts. In the almost human caution of the old and well-trained pointer when approaching game, we see simply a development of the habit of all predatory animals to pause when close upon an unseen prey—a pause requisite to verify the intimations of smell by the sense of sight, and also for preparing the final spring. It is true that man “selects;” but he can only select out of what is already there. The training and direction which he gives to the promptings of instinct may properly be described as the result of experience in the animal under instruction; and it is undoubtedly true, that within certain limits (which, however, are after all very narrow) these results do tend to become hereditary. But there is nothing really analogous in nature to the artificial processes of training to which man subjects the animals which are capable of domestication. Or if there be anything analogous—if animals by themselves can school themselves by gradual effort into the development of new powers—if the habits and powers which are now purely innate and instinctive, were once less innate and more deliberate—then it will follow that the earlier faculties of animals have been the higher, and the later faculties are the lower in the scale of intelligence. This is hardly consistent with the idea of evolution,—which is founded on the concep-

tion of an unfolding or development from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, from the instinctive to the rational. My own belief is that whatever of truth there is in the doctrine of evolution is to be found in this conception, which so far as we can see, does seem to be embodied in the history of organic life. I can therefore see no light in this new explanation to account for the existence of instincts which are certainly antecedent to all individual experience—the explanation, namely, that they are due to the experience of progenitors “organized in the race.” It involves assumptions contrary to the analogies of nature, and at variance with the fundamental facts which are the best and, indeed, the only basis of the theory of evolution. There is no probability—there is hardly any plausibility—in the supposition that experience has had, in past times, some connection with instinct which it has ceased to have in the present day. The uniformity of nature has, indeed, often been asserted in a sense in which it is not true, and used in support of arguments which it will not sustain. All things have certainly not continued as they are since the beginning. There was a time when animal life, and with it animal instincts, began to be. But we have no reason whatever to suppose that the nature of instinct then or since has ever been different from its nature now. On the contrary, as we have in existing nature examples of it in infinite variety, from the very lowest to the very highest forms of organization, and as the same phenomena are everywhere repeated, we have the best reason to conclude that, in the past, animal instinct has ever been what we now see it to be, congenital, innate, and wholly independent of experience.

And indeed, when we come to think about it, we shall find that the theory of experience assumes the pre-existence of the very powers for which it professes to account. The very lowest of the faculties by which experience is acquired is the faculty of imitation. But the desire to imitate must be as instinctive as the organs are hereditary by which imitation is effected. Then follow in their order all the higher faculties by which the lessons of experience are put together—so that what has been in the past is made the basis of anticipation as to what will be in the future. This is the essential process by which experience is acquired, and every step in that process assumes the pre-existence of mental tendencies and of



mental powers which are purely instinctive and innate. To account for instinct by experience is nothing but an Irish bull. It denies the existence of things which are nevertheless assumed in the very terms of the denial: it elevates into a cause that which must in its nature be a consequence, and a consequence, too, of the very cause which is denied. Congenital instincts, and hereditary powers, and pre-established harmonies, are the origin of all experience, and without them no one step in experience could ever be gained. The questions raised when a young dipper, which had never before even seen water, dives and swims with perfect ease, are questions which the theory of organized experience does not even tend to solve; on the contrary, it is a theory which leaves those questions precisely where they were, except in so far as it may tend to obscure them by obvious confusions of thought.

Passing now from explanations which explain nothing, is there any light in the theory that animals are "automata"? Was my little dipper a diving-machine? It seems to me that there is at least a glimmer shining through this idea—a glimmer as of a real light struggling through a thick fog. The fog arises out of the mists of language—the confounding and confusing of meanings literal with meanings metaphorical—the mistaking of partial for complete analogies. Machine is the word by which we designate those combinations of mechanical force which are contrived and put together by man to do certain things. One essential characteristic of them is that they belong to the world of the not-living; they are destitute of that which we know as life, and of all the attributes by which it is distinguished. Machines have no sensibility. When we say of anything that it has been done by a machine, we mean that it has been done by something which is not alive. In this literal signification it is therefore pure nonsense to say that anything living is a machine. It is simply a misapplication of language, to the extent of calling one thing by the name of another thing, and that other so different as to be its opposite or contradictory. There can be no reasoning, no clearing up of truth, unless we keep definite words for definite ideas. Or if the idea to which a given word has been appropriated be a complex idea, and we desire to deal with one element only of the meaning, separated from the rest, then, indeed, we may continue to

use the word for this selected portion of its meaning, provided always that we bear in mind what it is that we are doing. This may be, and often is, a necessary operation, for language is not rich enough to furnish separate words for all the complex elements which enter into ideas apparently very simple; and so of this word, machine, there is an element in its meaning which is always very important, which in common language is often predominant, and which we may legitimately choose to make exclusive of every other. This essential element in our idea of a machine, is that its powers, whatever they may be, are derived, and not original. There may be great knowledge in the work done by a machine, but the knowledge is not in it. There may be great skill, but the skill is not in it; great foresight, but the foresight is not in it; in short, great exhibition of all the powers of mind, but the mind is not in the machine itself. Whatever it does is done in virtue of its construction, which construction is due to a mind which has designed it for, the exhibition of certain powers, and the performance of certain functions. These may be very simple, or they may be very complicated, but whether simple or complicated, the whole play of its operations is limited and measured by the intentions of its constructor. If that constructor be himself limited, either in opportunity, or knowledge, or in power, there will be a corresponding limitation in the things which he invents and makes. Accordingly, in regard to man, he cannot make a machine which has any of the gifts and the powers of life. He can construct nothing which has sensibility or consciousness, or any other of even the lowest attributes of living creatures. And this absolute destitution of even apparent originality in a machine—this entire absence of any share of consciousness, or of sensibility, or of will—is one part of our very conception of it. But that other part of our conception of a machine, which consists in its relation to a contriver and constructor, is equally essential, and may, if we choose, be separated from the rest, and may be taken as representative of the whole. If, then, there be any agency in nature, or outside of it, which can contrive and build up structures endowed with the gifts of life, structures which shall not only digest, but which shall also feel and see, which shall be sensible of enjoyment from things conducive to their welfare, and of

alarm on account of things which are dangerous to the same—then such structures have the same relation to that agency which machines have to man, and in this aspect it may be a legitimate figure of speech to call them living machines. What these machines do is different in kind from the things which human machines do; but both are alike in this—that whatever they do is done in virtue of their construction, and of the powers which have been given to them by the mind which made them.

Applying now this idea of a machine to the phenomena exhibited by the young dipper, its complete applicability cannot be denied. In the first place the young dipper had a physical structure adapted to diving. Its feathers were of a texture to throw off water, and the shower of pearly drops which ran off it, when it emerged from its first plunge, showed in a moment how different it was from other fledglings in its imperviousness to wet. Water appeared to be its "native element," precisely in the same sense in which it is said to be the native element of a ship which has been built high in air, and of the not very watery materials of wood and iron. Water which it had never seen before seemed to be the native element of the little bird in this sense, that it was so constructed as to be and to feel at home in it at once. Its "lines" had been laid down for progression both in air and water. It was launched with a motive-power complete within itself, and with promptings sufficient for the driving of its own machinery. For the physical adaptation was obviously united with mental powers and qualities which partook of the same pre-adjusted harmony. These were as congenial as the texture of its feathers or the structure of its wing. Its terror arose on seeing the proper objects of fear, although they had never been seen before, and no experience of injury had arisen. This terror prompted it to the proper methods of escape, and the knowledge how to use its faculties for this object was as intuitive as the apparatus for effecting it was hereditary. In this sense the dipper was a living, breathing, seeing, fearing, and diving machine—ready made for all these purposes from the nest—as some other birds are even from their first exclusion from the egg.

The case of the young merganser is still more curious and instructive with reference to the same questions. The young of all the *Anatideæ* are born, like

the gallinaceous birds, not naked or blind as most others are, but completely equipped with a feathery down, and able to swim or dive as soon as they see the light. Moreover the young of the merganser have the benefit of seeing from the first the parent bird performing these operations, so that imitation may have some part in developing the perfection with which they are executed by the young. But the particular manœuvre resorted to by the young bird which baffled our pursuit, was a manœuvre in which it could have had no instruction from example—the manœuvre, namely, which consists in hiding not under any cover, but by remaining perfectly motionless on the ground. This is a method of escape which cannot be resorted to successfully except by birds whose colouring is adapted to the purpose by a close assimilation with the colouring of surrounding objects. The old bird would not have been concealed on the same ground, and would never itself resort to the same method of escape. The young, therefore, cannot have been instructed in it by the method of example. But the small size of the chick, together with its obscure and curiously mottled colouring, are specially adapted to this mode of concealment. The young of all birds which breed upon the ground are provided with a garment in such perfect harmony with surrounding effects of light as to render this manœuvre easy. It depends, however, wholly for its success upon absolute stillness. The slightest motion at once attracts the eye of any enemy which is searching for the young. And this absolute stillness must be preserved amidst all the emotions of fear and terror which the close approach of the object of alarm must and obviously does, inspire. Whence comes this splendid, even if it be unconscious faith, in the sufficiency of a defence which it must require such nerve and strength of will to practise? No movement, not even the slightest, though the enemy should seem about to trample on it: such is the terrible requirement of nature—and by the child of nature implicitly obeyed! Here again, beyond all question, we have an instinct as much born with the creature as the harmonious tinting of its plumage—the external furnishing being inseparably united with the internal furnishing of mind which enables the little creature in very truth to "walk by faith and not by sight." Is this automatism? Is this machinery? Yes, un-

doubtedly, in the sense explained before—that the instinct has been given to the bird in precisely the same sense in which its structure has been given to it—so that anterior to all experience, and without the aid of instruction or of example, it is inspired to act in this manner on the appropriate occasion arising.

Then, in the case of the wild duck, we rise to a yet higher form of instinct, and to more complicated adaptations of congenital powers to the contingencies of the external world. It is not really conceivable that wild ducks have commonly many opportunities of studying each other's action when rendered helpless by wounds. Nor is it conceivable that such study can have been deliberately made even when opportunities do occur. When one out of a flock is wounded all the others make haste to escape, and it is certain that this trick of imitated helplessness is practised by individual birds which can never have had any such opportunities at all. Moreover there is one very remarkable circumstance connected with this instinct, which marks how much of knowledge and of reasoning is implicitly contained within it. As against man the manœuvre is not only useless but it is injurious. When a man sees a bird resorting to this imitation, he may be deceived for a moment, as I have myself been; but his knowledge and experience and his reasoning faculty soon tell him from a combination of circumstances, that it is merely the usual deception. To man, therefore, it has the opposite effect of revealing the proximity of the young brood, which would not otherwise be known. I have repeatedly been led by it to the discovery of the chicks. Now, the most curious fact of all is that this distinction between man and other predacious animals is recognized and reflected in the instinct of birds. The manœuvre of counterfeiting helplessness is very rarely resorted to except when a dog is present. Dogs are almost uniformly deceived by it. They never can resist the temptation presented by a bird which flutters apparently helpless just in front of their nose. It is, therefore, almost always successful in drawing them off, and so rescuing the young from danger. But it is the sense of smell, not the sense of sight which makes dogs so specially dangerous. The instinct which has been given to birds seems to cover and include the knowledge that as the sense of smell does not exist to the like effect in man, the mere concealment of

the young from sight is ordinarily as regards him sufficient for their protection: and yet I have on one occasion seen the trick resorted to when man only was the source of danger, and this by a species of bird which does not habitually practise it, and which can neither have had individual nor ancestral experience. This was the case of a blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*) which fell to the ground as if wounded from a bush, in order to distract attention from its nest.

If now we examine, in the light of our own reason, all the elements of knowledge or of intellectual perception upon which the instinct of the wild duck is founded, and all of which, as existing somewhere, it undoubtedly reflects, we shall soon see how various and extensive these elements of knowledge are. First, there is the knowledge that the cause of the alarm is a carnivorous animal. On this fundamental point no creature is ever deceived. The youngest chick knows a hawk, and the dreadful form fills it with instant terror. Next, there is the knowledge that dogs and other carnivorous quadrupeds have the sense of smell, as an additional element of danger to the creature on which they prey. Next, there is the knowledge that the dog, not being itself a flying animal, has sense enough not to attempt the pursuit of prey which can avail itself of this sure and easy method of escape. Next, there is the conclusion from all this knowledge, that if the dog is to be induced to chase, it must be led to suppose that the power of flight has been somewhat lost. And then there is the farther conclusion, that this can only be done by such an accurate imitation of a disabled bird as shall deceive the enemy into a belief in the possibility of capture. And lastly, there are all the powers of memory and qualities of imagination which enable good acting to be performed. All this reasoning and all this knowledge is certainly involved in the action of the bird-mother, just as certainly as reasoning and knowledge of a much profounder kind is involved in the structure or adjustment of the organic machinery by which and through which the action is itself performed.

There is unquestionably a sense, and a very important sense, in which all these wonderful operations of instinct are "automatic." The intimate knowledge of physical and of physiological laws—the knowledge even of the mental qualities and dispositions of other ani-

mals—and the processes of reasoning by which advantage is taken of these,—this knowledge and this reasoning cannot, without manifest absurdity, be attributed to the birds themselves. This is admitted at least as regards the birds of the present day. But surely the absurdity is quite as great if this knowledge and reasoning, or any part of it, be attributed to the birds of a former generation. In the past history of the species there may have been change—there may have been development. But there is not the smallest reason to believe that the progenitors of any bird or of any beast, however different in form, have ever founded on deliberate efforts the instincts of their descendants. All the knowledge and all the resources of mind which is involved in these instincts is a reflection of some agency which is outside the creatures which exhibit them. In this respect it may be said with truth that they are machines. But then they are machines with this peculiarity, that they not only reflect, but also in various measures and degrees partake of, the attributes of mind. It is always by some one or other of these attributes that they are guided—by fear, or by desire, or by affection, or by mental impulses which go straight to the results of reasoning without its processes. That all these mental attributes are connected with a physical organism which is constructed on mechanical principles, is not a matter of speculation. It is an obvious and acknowledged fact. The question is not whether, in this sense, animals are machines, but whether the work which has been assigned to them does or does not partake in various measures and degrees of the various qualities which we recognize in ourselves as the qualities of sensation, of consciousness, and of will.

On this matter it seems clear to me that Professor Huxley has seriously misconceived the doctrine of Descartes. It is true that he quotes a passage as representing the view of "orthodox Cartesians," in which it is asserted that animals "eat without pleasure, and cry without pain," and that they "desire" nothing as well as "know" nothing. But this passage is quoted, not from Descartes, but from Malebranche. Malebranche was a great man; but on this subject he was the disciple and not the master; and it seems almost a law that no utterance of original genius can long escape the fate of being travestied and turned to nonsense by those who take it up at second hand.

Descartes' letter to More of the 5th Feb., 1649, proves conclusively that he fully recognized in the lower animals the existence of all the affections of mind except "thought" (*la pensée*), or reason properly so called. He ascribes to them the mental emotions of fear, of anger, and of desire, as well as all the sensations of pleasure and of pain. What he means by thought is clearly indicated in the passage in which he points to language as the peculiar product and the sole index of thought—language, of course, taken in its broadest sense, signifying any system of signs by which general or abstract ideas are expressed and communicated. This, as Descartes truly says, is never wanting even in the lowest of men, and is never present even in the highest of the brutes. But he distinctly says that the lower animals, having the same organs of sight, of hearing, of taste, etc., with ourselves, have also the same sensations, as well as the same affections of anger, of fear, and of desire—affections which, being mental, he ascribes to a lower kind or class of soul, an "*âme corporelle*." Descartes, therefore, was not guilty of confounding the two elements of meaning which are involved in the word machine—that element which attaches to all human machines as consisting of dead non-sentient matter—and that other element of meaning which may be legitimately attached to structures which have been made, not to simulate, but really to possess all the essential properties of life. "*Il faut pourtant remarquer*," says Descartes, emphatically, "*que je parle de la pensée, non de la vie, ou de sentiment.*"\*

The experiments quoted by Professor Huxley and by other physiologists, on the phenomena of vivisection, cannot alter or modify the general conclusions which have long been reached on the unquestionable connection between all the functions of life and the mechanism of the body. The question remains whether the ascertainment of this connection in its details can alter our conceptions of what life and sensation are. No light is thrown on this question by cutting out from an organism certain parts of the machinery which are known to be the seat of consciousness, and then finding that the animal is still capable of certain movements which are usually indicative of sensation and of purpose. Surely the reasoning is bad which argues that

\* *Œuvres de Descartes* (Cousin), vol. x. p. 205 et seq.



because a given movement goes on after the animal has been mutilated, this movement must therefore continue to possess all the same elements of character which accompanied it when the animal was complete. The character of purpose in one sense or another belongs to all organic movements whatever—to those which are independent of conscious sensation, or of the will, as well as to those which are voluntary and intentional. The only difference between the two classes of movement is that in the case of one of them the purpose is wholly outside the animal, and that in the case of the other class of movement the animal has faculties which make it, however indirectly, a conscious participant or agent in the purpose, or in some part of the purpose, to be subserved. The action of the heart in animals is as certainly "purposive" in its character as the act of eating and deglutition. In the one the animal is wholly passive—has no sensation, no consciousness, however dim. In the other movement the animal is an active agent, is impelled to it by desires which are mental affections, and receives from it the appropriate pleasure which belongs to consciousness and sensation. These powers themselves, however, depend, each of them, on certain bits and parts of the animal mechanism; and if these parts can be separately injured or destroyed, it is intelligible enough that consciousness and sensation may be severed for a time from the movements which they ordinarily accompany and direct. The success of such an experiment may teach us much on the details of a general truth which has long been known—that conscious sensation is inseparably connected with the mechanism of an organic structure. But it cannot in the slightest degree change or modify our conception of what conscious sensation in itself is. It is mechanical exactly in the same sense in which we have long known it to be so—that is to say, it is the result of life working in and through a structure which has been made to exhibit and embody its peculiar gifts and powers.

Considering, now, that the body of man is one in structure with the body of all vertebrate animals—considering that, as we rise from the lowest of these to him, who is the highest, we see this same structure elaborated into closer and closer likeness, until every part corresponds, bone to bone, tissue to tissue, organ to organ—I cannot doubt that man is a machine, precisely in the same sense in which ani-

mals are machines. If it is no contradiction in terms to speak of a machine which has been made to feel and to see, and to hear and to desire, neither need there be any contradiction in terms in speaking of a machine which has been made to think, and to reflect, and to reason. These are, indeed, powers so much higher than the others that they may be considered as different in kind. But this difference, however great it may be, whether we look at it in its practical results, or as a question of classification, is certainly not a difference which throws any doubt upon the fact that all these higher powers are, equally with the lowest, dependent on special arrangements in a material organism. It seems to me that the very fact of the question being raised whether man can be called a machine in the same sense as that in which alone the lower animals can properly be so described, is a proof that the questioner believes the lower animals to be machines in a sense in which it is not true. Such manifestations of mental attributes as they display are the true and veritable index of powers which are really by them possessed and enjoyed. The notion that, because these powers depend on an organic apparatus, they are therefore not what they seem to be, is a mere confusion of thought. On the other hand, when this comes to be thoroughly understood, the notion that man's peculiar powers are lowered and dishonoured when they are conceived to stand in any similar relation to the body must be equally abandoned, as partaking of the same fallacy. If the sensations of pleasure and of pain, and the more purely mental manifestations of fear and of affection, have in the lower animals some inseparable connection with an organic apparatus, I do not see why we should be jealous of admitting that the still higher powers of self-consciousness and reason have in man a similar connection with the same kind of mechanism. The nature of this connection in itself is equally mysterious, and, indeed, inconceivable in either case. As a matter of fact, we have precisely the same evidence as to both. If painful and pleasurable emotions can be destroyed by the cutting of a nerve, so also can the powers of memory and of reason be destroyed by any injury or disease which affects some bits of the substance of the brain. If, however, the fact of this mysterious connection be so interpreted as to make us alter our conceptions of what self-con-



sciousness, and reason, and all mental manifestations in themselves are, then, indeed, we may well be jealous — not of the facts, but of the illogical use which is often made of them. Self-consciousness and reason and affection, and fear, and pain and pleasure, are in themselves exactly what we have always known them to be; and no discovery as to the physical apparatus with which they are somehow connected can throw the smallest obscurity on the criteria by which they are to be identified as so many different phenomena of mind. Our old knowledge of the work done is in no way altered by any new information as to the apparatus by which it is effected. This is the bungle committed by those who think they can found a new psychology on the knife. They seem to think that sensation and memory, and reasoning and will, become something different from that which hitherto we have known them to be, when we have found out that each of these powers may have some special "seat" or "organ" in the body. This, however, is a pure delusion. The known element in psychology is always the nature of the mental faculty; the unknown element is always the nature of its connection with any organ. We know the operations of our own minds with a fulness and reality which does not belong to any other knowledge whatever. We do not know the bond of union between these operations and the brain, except as a sort of external and wholly unintelligible fact. Remembering all this, then, we need not fear or shrink from the admission that man is a reasoning and self-conscious machine, just in the same sense in which the lower animals are machines which have been made to exhibit and possess certain mental faculties of a lower class.

But what of this? What is the value of this conclusion? Its value would be small indeed if this conception of ourselves as machines could be defended only as a harmless metaphor. But there is far more to be said for it, and about it, than this. The conception is one which is not only harmless, but profoundly true, as all metaphors are when they are securely rooted in the homologies of nature. There is much to be learnt from that aspect of mind in which we regard its powers as intimately connected with a material apparatus, and from that aspect of our own bodies in which they are regarded as one in structure with the bodies of the brutes. The significance

of it as establishing man's place in the unity of nature is altogether independent of any theory or conclusion as to those processes of creation by which his body has been fashioned on a plan which is common to him and to so many of the animals beneath him. Whether man has been separately created out of the inorganic elements of which his body has been composed, or whether it was created out of matter previously organized in lower forms, this community of form must equally indicate a corresponding community of relations with external things, and some antecedent necessity deeply seated in the very nature of those things, why his bodily frame should be like to theirs.

And, indeed, when we consider the matter, it is sufficiently apparent that the relationship of man's body to the bodies of the lower animals is only a subordinate part and consequence of that higher and more general relationship which prevails between all living things and those elementary forces of nature which play in them, and around them, and upon them. If we could only know what that relationship is in its real nature, and in its full extent, we should know one of the most inscrutable of all secrets, for that secret is no other than the ultimate nature of life. The great matter is to keep the little knowledge of it which we possess safe from the effect of deceptive definitions. Attempts to define life are generally worse than useless, because they almost always involve a deliberate attempt to shut out from view some one or more of the elements which are essential to our own knowledge of its attributes. The real unities of nature will never be reached by confounding her distinctions. It may be legitimate to reduce the phenomena of life to its lowest terms, in order the better to conceive its relations with other things. But in doing so we must take care not to drop out of those terms anything really essential to the very idea of life. It is very easy to deceive ourselves in this way — very easy by mere artifices of language to obliterate the most absolute distinctions which can exist in thought. Between the living and the not-living there is a great gulf fixed, and the indissoluble connection which nevertheless exists between them is like the other unities of nature, not founded upon sameness, but, on the contrary, rather upon difference, and even upon antagonisms. Only the forces which are thus

different and opposed are subject to a power of co-ordination and adjustment. But this is the fundamental conception of a machine. For we must not fail to notice the kind of unity which is implied in the words co-ordination and adjustment; and, above all others, in the special adjustments connected with organic life. There are many unions which do not involve the idea of adjustment, or which involve it only in the most rudimentary form. The mere chemical union of two or more elements—unless under special conditions—is not properly an adjustment. We should not naturally call the formation of rust an adjustment between the oxygen of the atmosphere and metallic iron. When the combinations effected by the play of chemical affinities are brought about by the selection of elements so placed within reach of each other's reactions as to result in a given product, then that product would be accurately described as the result of co-ordination and adjustment. But the kind of co-ordination and adjustment which appear in the facts of life is of a still higher and more complicated kind than this. Whatever the relationship may be between living organisms and the elements, or elementary forces of external nature, it certainly is not the relationship of mere chemical affinities. On the contrary, the unions which these affinities themselves produce can only be reached through the dissolution and destruction of living bodies. The subjection of chemical forces to the maintenance of a separate individuality is of the very essence of life. The destruction of that separateness is of the very essence of death. It is not life, but the cessation of life, which, in this sense and after this manner, unites the elements of the body with the elements around it. There is indeed an adjustment—a close and intricate adjustment—between these and the living body; but it is an adjustment of them under the controlling energy of a power which cannot be identified with any other, and always presents phenomena peculiar to itself. Under that power we see that the laws and forces of chemical affinity, as exhibited apart from life, are held, as it were, to service—compelled, indeed, to minister, but not allowed to rule. Through an infinite variety of organisms, this mysterious subordination is maintained, ministering through an ascending series to higher and higher grades of sensation, perception, consciousness, and thought.

And here we come in sight of the highest adjustment of all. Sensation, perception, consciousness, and thought, if they be not the very essence of life, are at least in their order its highest accompaniment and result. They are the ultimate phenomena, if they be not the final realities, to which all lesser adjustments are themselves adjusted. For as the elementary substances and the elementary forces of nature which are used in the building of the body are there held by the energies of life under a special and peculiar relation to those same elements outside the body, so also are they held in peculiar relations to those characteristic powers which are the rudimentary faculties of mind. It is the unity which exists between the living organism and the elements around it which renders that organism the appropriate channel of communication with the external world, and a faithful interpreter of its signs. And this the organism is, not only by virtue of its substance and composition, but also and especially by virtue of its adjusted structures. All the organs of sense discharge their functions in virtue of a mechanical adjustment between the structure of the organ and the particular form of external force which it is intended to receive and to transmit. How fine those adjustments are can best be understood when we remember that the retina of the eye is a machine which measures and distinguishes between vibrations which are now known to differ from each by only a few millionths of an inch. Yet this amount of difference is recorded and made instantly appreciable in the sensations of colour by the adjusted mechanism of the eye. Another adjustment, precisely the same in principle, between the vibrations of sound and the structure of the ear, enables those vibrations to be similarly distinguished in another special form of the manifold language of sensation. And so of all the other organs of sense—they all perform their work in virtue of that purely mechanical adjustment which places them in a given relation to certain selected manifestations of external force, and these they faithfully transmit according to a code of signals the nature of which is one of the primary mysteries of life, but the truthfulness of which is at the same time one of the most certain of its facts.

For it is upon this truthfulness—that is to say, upon a close and efficient correspondence between the impressions of sense and the realities of external nature

— that the success of every organism depends in the battle of life. And all life involves a battle, for though it comes to each animal without effort of its own, it cannot be maintained without individual exertion. That exertion may be of the simplest kind, nothing more than the rhythmic action of a muscle contracting and expanding so as to receive into a sac such substances as currents of water may bring along with them; or it may be the more complex action required to make or induce the very currents which are to bring the food; or it may be the much more complex exertions required in all active locomotion for the pursuit and capture of prey; all these forms of exertion exist, and are all required in endless variety in the animal world. And throughout the whole of this vast series the very life of every creature depends on the perfect correspondence which exists between its sense-impressions and those realities of the external world which are specially related to them. There is therefore no conception of the mind which rests on a broader basis of experience than that which affirms this correspondence to be real—a unity which constitutes and guarantees the various senses, each in its own sphere of adapted relations, to be exact and faithful interpreters of the truth.

Nor is it the least wonderful and striking proof of the trustworthiness of nature to observe how far-reaching these interpretations are: how they are true not only in the immediate impressions they convey, but true also as the index of truths which lie behind and beyond, but which are not expressly included in either sensation or perception. This, indeed, is one main function and use, and one universal characteristic, of all sense-impressions, that over and above the pleasure they give to sentient creatures, they lead and guide to acts which are in conformity with the requirements of natural laws—these laws not being themselves objects of sensation at all—being, on the contrary, truths which the creatures most concerned in the requisite conformity being obeyed cannot themselves either feel or comprehend. It is thus that the appetite of hunger and the sense of taste, which in some form or other, however low, is perhaps the most universal sensation of animal organisms, is true not only as a guide to the substances which do actually give rise to the appropriate pleasure derivable from the sense concerned, but true also in its unseen and unfelt relations with those pro-

found and still mysterious correlations of force which render the assimilation of new material an indispensable necessity in the maintenance of animal life.

The wonderful instincts of the lower animals, the precision and perfection of their work, is a glorious example of the accurate adjustment between the rudimentary perceptions of mind and the laws which prevail in the external world. Narrow as the sphere of those perceptions may be, yet within that sphere they are almost absolutely true. And although the sphere is indeed narrow as regards the very low and limited intelligence with which it is associated in the animals themselves, it is a sphere which beyond the scope of that intelligence can be seen to place them in unconscious relation with endless vistas of co-ordinated action. The sentient actions of the lower animals involve not merely the elementary perception of the differences which distinguish things, but the much higher perception of those relations between them which are the foundation of all voluntary agency, and which place in the possession of living creatures the power of attaining ends through the employment of appropriate means. The direct and intuitive perception of the necessity of doing one thing in order to attain to another thing, is in itself one of the very highest among the preadjusted harmonies of nature. For it must be remembered that those relations between things which render them capable of being used as means to ends are relations which never can be the direct objects of sensation, and therefore a perception of them is an intuition of something which is out of sight. It is a kind of dim mental seeing of that which is invisible. And even if it be separated entirely in the lower animals from anything comparable with our own self-consciousness, it does not the less involve in them a true reflection of and correlation with the order of nature and its laws. The spinning machinery which is provided in the body of a spider is not more accurately adjusted to the viscid secretion which is provided for it, than the instinct of the spider is adjusted both to the construction of its web and also to the selection of likely places for the capture of its prey. Those birds and insects whose young are hatched by the heat of fermentation have an intuitive impulse to select the proper materials, and to gather them for the purpose. All creatures, guided sometimes apparently by senses of which we know nothing, are under like impulses to pro-

vide effectually for the nourishing of their young; and it is most curious and instructive to observe that the extent of provision which is involved in the process, and in the securing of the result, seems very often to be greater as we descend in the scale of nature, and in proportion as the parents are dissociated from the actual feeding or personal care of their offspring. The mammalia have nothing to provide except food for themselves, and have at first, and for a long time, no duty to perform beyond the discharge of a purely physical function. Birds have more to do—in the building of nests, in the choice of sites for these, and after incubation in the choice of food adapted to the period of growth. Insects, much lower in the scale of organization, and subject to the wonderful processes of metamorphosis, have to provide very often for a distant future, and for successive stages of development not only in the young but in the *nidus* which surrounds them. Bees, if we are to believe the evidence of observers, have an intuitive guidance in the selection of food which has the power of producing organic changes in the bodies of the young, even to the determination and development of sex, so that, by the administration of it under what may be called artificial conditions, certain selected individuals can be made the mothers and queens of future hives. These are but a few examples of facts of which the whole animal world is full, presenting, as it does, one vast series of adjustments between bodily organs and corresponding instincts. But this adjustment would be useless unless it were part of another adjustment—between the instincts and preceptions of animals and those facts and forces of surrounding nature which are related to them, and to the whole cycle of things of which they form a part. In those instinctive actions of the lower animals which involve the most distant and the most complicated anticipations, it is certain that the provision involved is a provision which is not in the animals themselves. They appear to be, and beyond all doubt really are, guided by some simple appetite, by an odour or a taste, and, in all probability, they have generally as little consciousness of the ends to be subserved as the suckling has of the processes of nutrition. The path along which they walk is a path which they did not engineer. It is a path made for them, and they simply follow it. But the propensities and tastes and feelings which make them follow it, and the rightness of its

direction towards the ends to be attained, do constitute an adjustment which may correctly be called mechanical, and is part of a unity which binds together the whole world of life, and the whole inorganic world on which living things depend.

Surely, then, it would be a strange object of ambition to try to think that we are not included in this vast system of adjustment; that our nobler faculties have no share in the secure and wonderful guarantee which it affords for the truthfulness of all mental gifts. It is well that we should place a high estimate on the superiority of the powers which we possess; and that the distinction, with all its consequences, between self-conscious reason and the comparatively simple perceptions of the beasts, should be ever kept in view. But it is not well that we should omit from that estimate a common element of immense importance which belongs to both, and the value of which becomes immeasurably greater in its connection with our special gifts. That element is the element of adjustment—the element which suggests the idea of an apparatus—the element which constitutes all our higher faculties the index and the result of a preadjusted harmony. In the light of this conception we can see a new meaning in our “place in nature;” that place which, so far as our bodily organs are concerned, assigns to us simply a front rank among the creatures which are endowed with life. It is in virtue of that place and association that we may be best assured that our special gifts have the same relation to the higher realities of nature which the lower faculties of the beasts have to the lower realities of the physical world. Whatever we have that is peculiar to ourselves is built up on the same firm foundation on which all animal instinct rests. It is often said that we can never really know what unreasoning instinct is, because we can never enter into an animal mind, and see what is working there. Men are so apt to be arrogant in philosophy that it seems almost wrong to deprecate even any semblance of the consciousness of ignorance. But it were much to be desired that the modesty of philosophers would come in the right places. I hold that we can know, and can almost thoroughly understand, the instincts of the lower animals; and this for the best of all reasons, that we are ourselves animals, whatever more;—having, to a large extent, precisely the same instincts, with the additional power



of looking down upon ourselves in this capacity from a higher elevation to which we can ascend at will. Not only are our bodily functions precisely similar to those of the lower animals,—some, like the beating of the heart, being purely “automatic” or involuntary—others being partially, and others again being wholly, under the control of the will,—but many of our sensations and emotions are obviously the same with the sensations and emotions of the lower animals, connected with precisely the same machinery, presenting precisely the same phenomena, and recognizable by all the same criteria.

It is true that many of our actions become instinctive and mechanical only as the result of a previous intellectual operation of the self-conscious or reasoning kind. And this, no doubt, is the origin of the dream that all instinct, even in the animals, has had the same origin; a dream due to the exaggerated “anthropomorphism” of those very philosophers who are most apt to denounce this source of error in others. But man has many instincts like the animals, to which no such origin in previous reasoning can be assigned. For not only in earliest infancy, but throughout life, we do innumerable things to which we are led by purely organic impulse; things which have indeed a reason and a use, but a reason which we never know, and a use which we never discern, till we come to “think.” And how different this process of “thinking” is we know likewise from our own experience. In contemplating the phenomena of reasoning and of conscious deliberation it really seems as if it were impossible to sever it from the idea of a double personality. Tennyson’s poem of the “Two Voices” is no poetic exaggeration of the duality of which we are conscious when we attend to the mental operations of our own most complex nature. It is as if there were within us one being always receptive of suggestion, and always responding in the form of impulse—and another being capable of passing these suggestions in review before it, and of allowing or disallowing the impulses to which they give rise. There is a profound difference between creatures in which one only of these voices speaks, and man, whose ears are, as it were, open to them both. The things which we do in obedience to the lower and simpler voice are indeed many, various, and full of a true and wonderful significance. But the things which we do, and the affections which we cher-

ish, in obedience to the higher voice, have a rank, a meaning, and a scope which is all their own. There is no indication in the lower animals of this double personality. They hear no voice but one; and the whole law of their being is perfectly fulfilled in following it. This it is which gives its restfulness to nature, whose abodes are indeed what Wordsworth calls them—

Abodes in which self-disturbance hath no part.

On the other hand the double personality, the presence of “Two Voices,” is never wholly wanting even in the most degraded of human beings—their thoughts everywhere “accusing or else excusing one another.”

Knowing, therefore, in ourselves both these kinds of operation, we can measure the difference between them, and we can thoroughly understand how animals may be able to do all that they actually perform, without ever passing through the processes of argumentation by which we reach the conclusions of conscious reason and of moral obligation. Moreover, seeing and feeling the difference, we can see and feel the relations which obtain between the two classes of mental work. The plain truth is, that the higher and more complicated work is done, and can only be done, with the material supplied by the lower and simpler tools. Nay, more, the very highest and most aspiring mental processes rest upon the lower, as a building rests upon its foundation-stones. They are like the rude but massive substructions from which some great temple springs. Not only is the impulse, the disposition, and the ability to reason as purely intuitive and congenital in man as the disposition to eat, but the fundamental axioms on which all reasoning rests are, and can only be, intuitively perceived. This, indeed, is the essential character of all the axioms or self-evident propositions which are the basis of reasoning, that the truth of them is perceived by an act of apprehension, which, if it depends on any process, depends on a process unconscious, involuntary, and purely automatic. But this is the definition, the only definition, of instinct or intuition. All conscious reasoning thus starts from the data which this great faculty supplies; and all our trust and confidence in the results of reasoning must depend on our trust and confidence in the adjusted harmony which has been established between instinct and the truths of nature. Not only is the idea of mechanism con-



sistent with this confidence, but it is inseparable from it. No firmer ground for that confidence can be given us in thought than this conception,—that as the eye of sense is a mechanism specially adjusted to receive the light of heaven, so is the mental eye a mechanism specially adjusted to perceive those realities which are in the nature of necessary and eternal truth. Moreover, the same conception helps us to understand the real nature of those limitations upon our faculties which curtail their range, and which yet, in a sense, we may be said partially to overpass in the very act of becoming conscious of them. We see it to be a great law prevailing in the instincts of the lower animals, and in our own, that they are true not only as guiding the animal rightly to the satisfaction of whatever appetite is immediately concerned, but true also as ministering to ends of which the animal knows nothing, although they are ends of the highest importance, both in its own economy, and in the far-off economies of creation. In direct proportion as our own minds and intellects partake of the same nature, and are founded on the same principle of adjustment, we may feel assured that the same law prevails over their nobler work and functions. And the glorious law is no less than this—that the work of instinct is true not only for the short way it goes, but for that infinite distance into which it leads in a true direction.

I know no argument better fitted to dispel the sickly dreams of the philosophy of nescience. Nor do I know of any other conception as securely founded on science, properly so called, which better serves to render intelligible, and to bring within the familiar analogies of nature even those highest and rarest of all gifts which constitute what we understand as inspiration. That the human mind is always in some degree, and that certain individual minds have been in a special degree, reflecting surfaces, as it were, for the verities of the unseen and eternal world, is a conception having all the characters of coherence which assures us of its harmony with the general constitution and course of things.

And so, this doctrine of animal automatism—the notion that the mind of man is indeed a structure and a mechanism—a notion which is held over our heads as a terror and a doubt—becomes, when closely scrutinized, the most comforting and reassuring of all conceptions. No stronger assurance can

be given us that our faculties, when rightly used, are powers on which we can indeed rely. It reveals what may be called the strong physical foundations on which the truthfulness of reason rests. And more than this—it clothes with the like character of trustworthiness every instinctive and intuitive affection of the human soul. It roots the reasonableness of faith in our conviction of the unities of nature. It tells us that as we know the instincts of the lower animals to be the index and the result of laws which are out of sight to them, so also have our own higher instincts the same relation to truths which are of corresponding dignity, and of corresponding scope.

Nor can this conception of the mind of man being inseparably connected with an adjusted mechanism cast, as has been suggested, any doubt on the freedom of the will,—such as by the direct evidence of consciousness we know that freedom to be. This suggestion is simply a repetition of the same inveterate confusion of thought which has been exposed before. The question what our powers are is in no way affected by the admission or discovery that they are all connected with an apparatus. Consciousness does not tell us that we stand unrelated to the system of things of which we form a part. We dream—or rather, we simply rave—if we think we are free to choose among things which are not presented to our choice,—or if we think that choice itself can be free from motives,—or if we think that we can find any motive outside the number of those to which by the structure of our minds and of its organ we have been made accessible. The only freedom of which we are really conscious is freedom from compulsion in choosing among things which are presented to our choice,—consciousness also attesting the fact that among those things some are coincident and some are not coincident with acknowledged obligation. This, and all other direct perceptions, are not weakened but confirmed by the doctrine that our minds are connected with an adjusted mechanism. Because the first result of this conception is to establish the evidence of consciousness when given under healthy conditions, and when properly ascertained, as necessarily the best and the nearest representation of the truth. This it does in recognizing ourselves, and all the faculties we possess, to be nothing but the result and index of an adjustment contrived by, and reflecting the

mind which is supreme in nature. We are derived and not original. We have been created, or—if any one likes the phrase better—we have been “evolved;” not, however, out of nothing, nor out of confusion, nor out of lies,—but out of “nature,” which is a word for the sum of all existence,—the source of all order and the very ground of all truth,—the fountain in which all fulness dwells.

Thus the doctrine which at first sight seems so terrible turns out to be nothing but one intellectual aspect of the many-sided moral truth which of old found expression in the *Non nobis, Domine*.

ARGYLL.

From Good Words.  
FATED TO BE FREE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

(continued.)

THERE was no more for him to tell; John Mortimer thought he knew enough. Valentine felt what a relief this was, but also that John's amazement by no means subsided. He was trying hard to be gentle, to be moderately calm; he resolutely forbore from any comment on Valentine's conduct; but he could not help expressing his deep regret that the matter should have been confided to any one—even to Brandon—and finding, perhaps, that his horror and indignation were getting the better of him, he suddenly started up, and declared that he would walk about in the gallery for a while. “For,” he said pointedly to Valentine, “as you were remarking to me this morning, there is a good deal that ought to be done at once,” and out he dashed into the fresh spring air, and strode about in the long wooden gallery, with a vigour and vehemence that did not promise much for the quietness of their coming discussion.

Ten minutes, twenty minutes, went by—almost half an hour—before John Mortimer came in again.

Valentine looked up and saw, as John shut himself in, that he looked almost as calm as usual, and that his face had regained its customary hue.

“My difficulty, of course, is Emily,” he said. “If this had occurred a year ago it would have been simpler.” Valentine wondered what he meant; but he presently added in a tone, however, as of

one changing the subject, “Well, my dear fellow, you were going to have a talk with me, you know, about the making of your will. You remarked that you possessed two thousand pounds.”

Valentine wondered at his coolness, he spoke so completely as usual.

“And what would you have me do with that?” he answered with a certain directness and docility that made John Mortimer pause; he perceived that whatever he proposed would be done.

“I think if you left a thousand pounds to the old aunt who brought your mother up, and has a very scanty pittance, it would be worthy of your kindly nature, and no more than her due.”

“Well, John, I'll do it. And the other thousand?”

“Louisa has married a rich man's son, and I have made a handsome settlement on Emily, but your sister Lizzie has nothing.”

“I will leave her the other thousand; and—and now, John, there is the estate—there is Melcombe. I thought you had a right to know that there had been a disadvantage as regarded my inheritance of it, but you are perfectly——” He hesitated for a word.

John turned his sentence rather differently for him, and went on with it. “But you feel that I am perfectly entitled to give you my opinion?”

“Certainly.”

“I advise that you leave it for a county hospital.”

“John!”

“Unconditionally and forever, for,” John went on calmly and almost gently, “we are here a very long way from the county town, where the only hospital worth anything is situated. This house has, on two stories, a corridor running completely through it, and is otherwise so built that it would require little alteration for such a purpose. The revenue from the land would go a good way towards supporting it. Therefore, as I said before——” Then pausing when he observed the effect of his words on Valentine, he hesitated, and instead of going on, said, “I am very sorry, my dear Valentine.”

“This is a shock to me,” said Valentine. “It shows me so plainly that you would not have acted as I have done, if you had been in my place.”

As he seemed to wait for an answer, John said, with more decided gentleness, “I suppose it does;” and went on in a tone half apology, half persuasion, “but

you will see your lawyer to-morrow, and, using all discretion, direct him as I propose."

"Yes. Nothing at all is to go to you then?"

"I should like to have this portrait of your father; and, Val, I wish to assure you most sincerely that I do not judge your conduct. I have no opinion to give upon it."

"I have a good right to tell you now, that I have for some months fully intended to give up the place."

"Well, I am glad of that."

"I hope to recover, and then to work, living abroad, the better to conceal matters. I had quite decided, John; and yet what you have done is a shock to me. I feel that I am judged by it. I told you in the autumn that I meant to go away; I did. But though I took the estate so easily, so almost inevitably, I could not get away from it, though I wished and tried."

"But you can now. If you want money, of course you will look to me to help you. And so you could not manage to go?"

"No. So long as I was well and in high spirits I never meant to go; but one night I got a great shock, and walking home afterwards by the mere, I felt the mist strike to my very marrow. I have never been well since. I had no heart to recover; but when I might have got away I was detained by that trumpety trial till I was so ill that I could not safely travel; but now, John, I am ready, and you cannot imagine how I long to be off, and, please God, begin a better life, and serve Him as my old father did. I have three hundred pounds of honest money in hand, besides the two thousand your father gave me. But, John, Emily is my favourite sister."

"There!" said John, "I was afraid this would come."

"If I *should* die young — if she *should* find that I have left every shilling and every acre away from you and her, two of the people I love most, and thrown it into the hands of strangers, I could not bear to know that she would think meanly of my good sense and my affection after I am gone."

John was silent.

"For," continued Valentine, "no one feels more keenly than she does that it is not charity, not a good work, in a man to leave from his own family what he does not want and can no longer use, thinking that it is just as acceptable to God as if

he had given it in his lifetime, when he liked it, enjoyed it — when, in short, it was his own."

"You alienate it with no such thoughts."

"Oh, no, God forbid! But she will think I must have done. There is hardly any one living who cares for me as much as she does. It would be very distressing for me to die, knowing she would think me a fanatic, or a fellow with no affection."

"I was afraid you would think of this."

"You will say something to her, John. All will depend on you. She will be so hurt, so astonished that I should have done such a thing that she will never open her lips about it to you. I know her, and — and —"

John seemed to feel this appeal very keenly: he could not look Valentine in the face. "I acknowledge," he muttered, "that this is hard."

"But you will say *something* to her?"

"If you can think of anything in the world that would not be better left unsaid — if you can think of any one thing that for the sake of her love and sorrow, and my peace and your own memory, should not be left to the silence you deprecate — then tell me what it is."

Neither spoke for some time after that. At last the poor young fellow said, with something like a sob, "Then you meant *that* when you mentioned Emily?"

"Yes, I did. I felt how hard it was. I feel it much more now I know you are going to divest yourself of any profit during your life." He had been looking at Valentine anxiously and intently. The large eyes, too bright for health; the sharp, finely-cut features and pallid forehead. Suddenly turning, he caught sight of himself in the glass, and stood arrested by a momentary surprise. Very little accustomed to consider his own appearance, for he had but a small share of personal vanity, he was all the more astonished thus to observe the contrast. The fine hues of health, the clear calm of the eyes, the wide shoulders and grand manly frame. This sudden irresistible consciousness of what a world of life and strength there was in him, had just the opposite effect of what seemed the natural one. "Perhaps he may survive us both," he thought. "Who can tell?"

"But it seems to me," he continued aloud, "that we have talked as if it was more than likely that Emily and I were to have some knowledge and consciousness of this will of yours; and yet the

vicissitudes of life and the surprises of death ought to place them almost outside our thoughts of probability. I hope to see you some day as grey-headed as your father was. I hope it indeed! it may well be the case, and I not be here to see."

Valentine, always hopeful, was very much cheered by this speech. He did not know how John's thought had been turned in this direction by a strong sense of that very improbability which he wanted to leave out of the question.

They remained some time in silence together after this — John lost in thought, Valentine much the better for having relieved his mind. Then Emily came to the door ready for her drive, and looking very sweet and serene.

"Come, you have been talking long enough. John, how grave you look! I could not forbear to let you know that some letters have arrived. St. George and Dorothea are at home again, and the baby can almost walk alone. But, Val, it seems that you have been inviting young Crayshaw here?"

"I have taken that liberty, madam," said Valentine. "Have you anything to say against it?"

Emily smiled, but made no answer.

"That boy and I suit each other uncommonly well," continued Valentine. "Our correspondence, though I say it, would be worth publishing — stuck as full of jokes as a pincushion should be of pins. It often amused me when I was ill. But his brother is going to take him home."

"Ah, home to America!" said Emily, betraying to neither John nor Valentine the pleasure this news gave her.

John was silent, still deeply pondering the unwelcome surprise of the afternoon. Valentine was refreshed by her presence, and at finding his avowal over.

"And so," continued Valentine, "he wrote to me and asked if I would have him for two days before he left. He knew that you would all be here, and he wanted to take leave."

"He is a droll young fellow," said Emily. "Johnny will miss his 'chum.' One of the letters was from him. He is to be here in an hour, and Johnny has started off to meet him with Bertie and one of the girls."

The other of the girls, namely, Gladys, had betrayed just a little shyness, and had left his young allies to go and fetch Crayshaw without her. Emily meeting her in the corridor as she came up-stairs,

had stopped and given her a cordial kiss.

"She is so very young," thought the warm-hearted step-mother. "She will soon forget it."

She took Gladys with her, and after their short drive managed that they should be together when young Crayshaw appeared; and she helped her through a certain embarrassment and inclination to contradict herself while answering his reproachful inquiries respecting Blob, his dog.

"Father would not let us bring him," said Barbara, confirming the assurance of the others on that head.

"I have a great mind to go back all the way round by Wigfield to take leave of him," said Crayshaw. "You think I don't love that dog? All I know is, then, that I called him out of his kennel the last time I left him — woke him from his balmy slumber, and kissed him."

"Oh, yes, we know all about that," observed Barbara. "It was quite dusk, mamma, and Johnny had stuck up the kitchenmaid's great mop, leaning against the roof of Blob's kennel, where he often sits when he is sulky. We all went to see the fun, and Cray thrust his face into it. It looked just like Blob's head."

"I'm sure, I don't know what A. J. Mortimer could see of a military nature in that tender incident," said Crayshaw, with great mildness. "I did not expect, after our long friendship, to have a Latin verse written upon me, and called 'The Blunderbuss.'"

Crayshaw had grown into a handsome young fellow, and looked old for his years, and manly, though he was short. He had quite lost his former air of delicate health, and, though sorry to part with the young Mortimers, could not conceal a certain exultation in the thought of leaving school, and returning to his native country.

"Scroggins has been growing faster than ever," he said, half-enviously. "Whenever he gets from under my eyes he takes advantage of it to run up."

Emily remonstrated. "I don't like to hear you call Johnny 'Scroggins.'"

"Oh, that's only my poetical way; the old poets frequently did it. 'Lines to his Mistress, Eliza Wheeler, under the name of Amaryllis.' You often see that kind of thing. In the same way I write to my chum, A. J. Mortimer, under the name of Scroggins. 'Scroggins, of virtuous father virtuous son.' I think it sounds extremely well."

Valentine was very well pleased the

next afternoon to find himself sitting among a posse of young Mortimers and Crayshaw, under the great pear and apple trees, the latter just coming out to join their blossom to that of their more forward neighbours. It was his nature to laugh and make laugh, and his character to love youth, his own being peculiarly youthful. His usual frame of mind was repentant and humble, and he was very grateful for the apparent removal of illness. He was soon to be well, and hope and joy woke up in his heart, and came forth to meet the spring.

John Mortimer and Emily sat near enough, without joining the group, to catch the conversation, when they chose to listen. John was peculiarly grave and silent, and Emily was touched for the supposed cause. Valentine was the only relation left who had lived in his presence. She knew he had almost a brother's affection and partial preference for him. She knew that he had doubts and fears as to his health, and she thought of nothing more as the cause of his silence and gravity.

She made some remark as to Valentine's obvious improvement that morning; in fact, his spirits were lightened, and that alone was enough to refresh him. Things were making progress also in the direction he wished; his berth was secured, his courier was engaged, and some of his packing was done.

By degrees the mere satisfaction of Emily's presence made it easier for John Mortimer to accept the consolation of her hope. He began to think that Valentine might yet do well, and the burnt letters receded into the background of his thoughts. Why, indeed, unless his cousin died, need he ever allow them to trouble him again?

Valentine looked from time to time at John and at Emily, and considered also the situation, thinking, "He loves her so, his contentment with her is so supreme, that nothing of dead and done crime or misery will hang about his thoughts long. He will get away, and in absence forget it, as I shall. I'll take a long look, though, now, at these high gables, with the sunshine on them, and at those strange casements, and these white trees. I know I shall never regret them, but I shall wish to remember what they were like."

He looked long and earnestly at the place and at the group. The faces of some were as grave as their father's.

Little Hugh, having a great matter to

decide could hear and see nothing that passed. What should he give Crayshaw for a keepsake? The best thing he had was his great big plank, that he had meant to make into a seesaw. It was such a beauty! Cray loved carpentering. Now, the question was—Cray would like it, no doubt, but would the ship take it over? How could it be packed?

Next to him sat Gladys, and what she felt and thought she hardly knew herself. A certain link was to be snapped asunder, which, like some growing tendril, had spread itself over and seemed to unite with two adjacent trees.

Cray was in very high spirits at the thought of going home. She felt she might be dull when he was gone.

She had read his letter to Johnny; there was in it only a very slight allusion to her. She had told him how the German governess had begun one to her, "Girl of my heart." He had not answered, but he showed thus that he had read her anecdote.

His letter to Johnny ran as follows:—

"AUGUSTUS JOHN OF MY HEART,—When I heard I was going home to America, I heaved up one of the largest sighs that ever burst from a young-manly bosom. I'm better now, thank you. In short, I feel that if I were to be deprived of the fun of the voyage, it would blight a youth of heretofore unusual promise.

"George Crayshaw, when he saw my dismay at the notion of leaving this little island (into which, though you should penetrate to the very centre, you could never escape the salt taste of the sea-air on your lips), said he was ashamed of me. The next day, when I was furious because he declared that we couldn't sail for three weeks on account of packing the rubbish he has collected, he said so again. There is a great want of variety in that citizen," etc.

Gladys was roused from her cogitations by hearing Valentine say—

"Sitting with your back to Barbara! You'll have to take some lessons in manners before you go where they think that 'the proper study of mankind is woman.'"

"It was I who moved behind him," said Barbara, "to get out of the sun."

Crayshaw replied with a sweet smile and exceeding mildness of tone—

"Yes, I must begin to overhaul my manners at once. I must look out for an advertisement that reads something like this:—



"The undersigned begs to thank his friends and the public for their continued patronage, and gives notice that gentlemen of neglected education can take lessons of him as usual on his own premises, at eightpence an hour, on the art of making offers to the fair sex. N.B.—This course paid in advance.

"Dummy ladies provided as large as life. Every gentleman brings a clean white pocket-handkerchief, and goes down on his own knees when he learns this exercise. Fancy styles extra.

"Signed,

"VALENTINE MELCOMBE.

"References exchanged."

"You impudent young dog!" exclaimed Valentine, delighted with this sally, and not at all sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were out of hearing—they having risen and strolled down to a lower portion of the orchard.

Valentine was seated on a low garden-chair, and his young guests were grouped about him on a Persian carpet which had been spread there. Gladys was roused from her reverie by seeing Valentine snatch a piece of paper from Crayshaw—peals of laughter following his pretended reading of it.

"They actually think, those two, of having their poems printed," Barbara had been saying.

"It would only cost about £30," said Crayshaw, excusing himself, "and Mrs. Mortimer promised to subscribe for twenty copies. Why, Lord Byron did it. If he wrote better Latin verse than Scroggins does, where is it?"

"The first one, then," said Barbara, "ought to be Johnny's parody that he did in the holidays. Mamma gave him a title for it, 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of leaving Harrow School.'"

Then it was that Valentine snatched the paper.

"Most of them are quite serious," Crayshaw here remarked.

"Ah, so this is the list of them," said Valentine, pretending to read:—

"POEMS BY TWO SCHOOLBOYS."

"ONE.—'Lines written on a late Auspicious Occasion' (I do so like that word auspicious), 'and presented to my new step-uncle-in-law, with a smile and a tear.' I'll read them:—

Respecting thee with all my might,  
Thy virtues thus I sing."

"It's a story!" shouted Johnny, inter-

rupting him, "I don't respect you a bit, and I never wrote it."

"Two," proceeded Valentine, "'The Whisper, by a Lisper,' and 'The Stick of Chocolate, a Reverie.' Now, do you mean to tell me that you did not write these?"

"No, I didn't! you know I didn't!"

"Four," Valentine went on, "'The City of the Skunk, an Ode.' Now, Cray, it is of no use your saying you did not write this, for you sent me a copy, and told me that was the poetical name for Chicago."

"Well," said Crayshaw, "I tried that subject because Mr. Mortimer said something about the true sustenance of the poetic life coming from the race and the soil to which the poet belonged; but George was so savage when I showed it to him that I felt obliged to burn it."

"Five.—'To Mrs. M. of M.," continued Valentine. "It seems to be a song:—

Oh, clear as candles newly snuffed  
Are those round orbs of thine."

"It's false," exclaimed Crayshaw; "Mrs. Melcombe indeed! She's fat, she's three times too old for me."

"Why did you write it, then?" persisted Valentine. "I think this line,—

Lovely as waxwork is thy brow,

does you great credit. But what avails it! She is now another's. I got her wedding cards this morning. She is married to one Josiah Fothergill, and he lives in Warwick Square.

"Six.—'The Black Eye, a Study from Life.'"

"But their things are not all fun, cousin Val," said Gladys, observing, not without pleasure, that Crayshaw was a little put out at Valentine's joke about Mrs. Melcombe. "Cray is going to be a real poet now, and some of his things are very serious indeed."

"This looks very serious," Valentine broke in; "perhaps it is one of them: 'Thoughts on Futurity, coupling with it the name of my Whiskers.'"

"There's his ode to sincerity," proceeded Gladys; "I am sure you would like that."

"For we tell so many stories, you know," remarked Barbara; "say so many things that we don't mean. Cray thinks we ought not."

"For instance," said Johnny, "sometimes when people write that they are coming to see us, we answer that we are

delighted, when in reality we wish that they were at the bottom of the sea."

"No, no," answered Valentine, in a deprecatory tone; "don't say at the bottom, that sounds unkind. I'm sure I never wished anybody more than half-way down."

Two or three days after this a grand early dinner took place at Melcombe. All the small Mortimers were present, and a number of remarkable keepsakes were bestowed afterwards on Crayshaw by way of dessert. After this, while Mr. and Mrs. John Mortimer sat together in the house the party adjourned to the orchard, and Crayshaw presently appeared with a small box in which had hitherto been concealed his own gifts of like nature. Among them were two gold lockets, one for each of the twins.

"I helped him to choose them," said Johnny, "and he borrowed the money of his brother."

"There's nothing in them," observed Barbara. "It would be much more romantic if we put in a lock of Cray's hair."

"I thought of that," quoth the donor, "but I knew very well that the first new friend you had, you would turn it out and put his in, just as both of you turned my photograph out of those pretty frames, and put in Prince Leopold after he had passed through the town. You are to wear these lockets."

"Oh yes," said Barbara, "and how pretty they are with their little gold chains!"

"Cray, if you will give me a lock of your hair, I promise not to take it out," said Gladys.

She produced a little pair of scissors, and as he sat at her feet, cut off a small curl, and between them they put it in. A certain wistfulness was in her youthful face, but no one noticed it.

"I shouldn't wonder," she remarked, "if you never came back any more."

"Oh yes, I shall," he answered in a tone of equal conviction and carelessness.

"Why? you have no friends at all but us."

"No, I haven't," he answered, and looked up at her as she stood knitting, and leaning against a tree.

"Of course you'll come," exclaimed Johnny, "you're coming for your wedding-tour. Your wife will make you; you're going to be married as soon as you're of age, old fellow."

Then Crayshaw, blushing hotly, essayed to hit Johnny, who forthwith started up and was pursued by him with many a

whoop and shout, in a wild circling chase among the trees. At length, finding he was not to be caught, Crayshaw returned a good deal heated, and Johnny followed smiling blandly, and flung himself on the grass breathing hard.

"Well, I'm glad you two are not going to finish up your friendship with another fight," said Valentine.

"He's always prophesying something horrid about me," exclaimed Crayshaw.

"Why am I to be married any more than he is, I should like to know? If I do, you'll certainly have to give up that visit to California, that Mr. Mortimer almost promised you should make with me. Gladys, I suppose he would not let you and Barbara come too?"

"Oh no. I am sure he would not."

"What fun we might have!"

"Yes."

"I don't see if you were a family man, why it shouldn't be done," said Johnny, returning to the charge, "but if you won't marry, even to oblige your oldest friends, why you won't."

"Time's up," said Valentine, looking at his watch, "and there's my dog-cart coming round to the door."

The youth rose then with a sigh, took leave of Valentine, and reluctantly turned towards the house, all the young Mortimers following. They were rather late for the train, so that the parting was hurried, and poor little Gladys as she gazed after the dog-cart, while Johnny drove and Crayshaw looked back, felt a great aching pain at her heart, and thought she should never forget him.

But perhaps she did.

The young Mortimers were to leave Melcombe themselves the next day, and Valentine was to accompany them home, sleeping one night at their father's house by way of breaking his journey, and seeing his family before he started on his voyage.

He was left alone, and watched his guests as their receding figures were lost among the blossoming trees. He felt strangely weak that afternoon, but he was happy. The lightness of heart that comes of giving up some wrong or undesirable course of action (one that he thought wrong) might long have been his, but he had not hitherto been able to get away from the scene of it.

To-morrow he was to depart. Oh, glad to-morrow!

He laid himself back in his seat, and looked at the blue hills, and listened to the sweet remote voices of the children,

let apple-blossoms drop all over him, peered through great brown boughs at the empty sky, and lost himself in a sea of thought which seemed almost as new to him and as fathomless as that was.

Not often does a man pass his whole life before him and deliberately criticise himself, his actions, and his way.

If he does, it is seldom when he would appear to an outsider to have most reasonable occasion; rather during some pause when body and mind both are still.

The soul does not always recognize itself as a guest seated within this frame; sometimes it appears to escape and look at the human life it has led, as if from without. It seems to become absorbed into the august stream of being; to see that fragment *itself*, without self-love, and as the great all of mankind would regard it if laid open to them.

It perceives the inevitable verdict. Thus and thus have I done. They will judge me rightly, that thus and thus I am.

If a man is reasonable and sees things as they were, he does not often fix on some particular act for which to blame himself when he deplores the past, for at times of clear vision, the soul escapes from the bondage of incident. It gets away from the region of particulars, and knows itself by nature even better than by deed. There is a common thought that beggars sympathy in almost every shallow mind. It seldom finds deliberate expression. Perhaps it may be stated thus:—

The greatness of the good derived from it, makes the greatness of the fault.

A man tells a great lie, and saves his character by it. No wonder it weighs on his conscience ever after. And yet perhaps he has told countless lies, both before and since, told them out of mere carelessness, or from petty spite, or for small advantages, and utterly forgotten them. Now which of these, looked at by the judge, is the great offender? Is the one lie he repents of the most wicked, or are those that with small temptation he flung about daily, and so made that one notable lie easy?

Was it strange that Valentine, looking back, should not with any special keenness of pain have rued his mistake in taking Melcombe?

No. That was a part of himself. It arose naturally out of his character, which, but for that one action, he felt he never might have fully known.

So weak, so longing for pleasure and ease, so faintly conscious of any noble desire for good, so wrapped up in a sense as of the remoteness of God, how could it be otherwise?

If a man is a Christian, he derives often in such thoughts a healing consciousness of the fatherhood and humanity of God. He perceives that he was most to be pitied and least to be judged, not while he stood, but when he fell. There is no intention of including here hardened crimes of dishonesty, and cruelty, and violence, only those pathetic descents which the ingrain faults and original frailty of our nature make so easy, and which life and the world are so arranged as to punish even after a loving God forgives.

"These faults," he may say, "they seem to live, though I shall die. They are mine, though I lose all else beside. Where can I lay them down, where lose them? Is there any healing to be found other than in His sympathy, his forgiveness, who made our nature one with His to raise it to Himself?"

The world is not little. Life is not mean. It spreads itself in aspiration, it has possession through its hope. It inhabits all remoteness that the eye can reach; it inherits all sweetness that the ear can prove; always bereaved of the whole, it yet looks for a whole; always clasping its little part, it believes in the remainder. Sometimes, too often, like a bird it gets tangled in a net which notwithstanding it knew of. It must fly with broken wings ever after. Or, worse, it is tempted to descend, as the genie into the vase, for a little while, when sealed down at once unaware, it must lie in the dark so long, that it perhaps denies the light in heaven for lack of seeing it.

If those who have the most satisfying lot that life can give are to breathe freely, they must get through, and on, and out of it.

Not because it is too small for us, but too great, it bears so many down. On the whole that vast mass of us which inherits its narrowest portion, tethered, and that on the world's barest slope, does best.

The rich and the free have a choice, they often choose amiss. Yet no choice can (excepting for this world) be irretrievable; and that same being for whom the great life of the world proved too much, learns often in the loss of everything,

what his utmost gain was not ordained to teach.

He wanted all, and at last he can take that all, without which nothing can make him content. He perceives, and his heart makes answer to, the yearning fatherhood above; he recognizes the wonderful upward drawing with love and fear.

This is God!

He moves me so, to take of Him what lacks;  
My want is God's desire to give; He yearns  
To add Himself to life, and so for aye  
Make it enough.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### HIS VISITOR.

"The fairy woman maketh moan,

'Well-a-day, and well-a-day,  
Forsooth I brought thee one rose away,  
And thou didst cast my rose away.'

Hark! Oh hark, she mourneth yet,  
'One good ship—the good ship sailed,  
One bright star, at last it set,  
One, one chance, forsooth it failed.'

"Clear thy dusk hair from thy veiled eyes,  
Show thy face as thee be seems,  
For yet is starlight in the skies,  
Weird woman piteous through my dreams.'

'Nay,' she mourns, 'forsooth not now,  
Veiled I sit for evermore;  
Rose is shed, and charmed brow  
Shall not touch the charmed shore.

"There thy sons that were to be,  
Thy small gamesome children play;  
There all loves that men foresee  
Straight as wands enrich the way.  
Dove-eyed, fair, with me they won  
Where enthroned I reign a queen,  
In the lovely realms foregone,  
In the lives that might have been."

THAT glad to-morrow for Valentine never came. At the time when he should have reached Wigfield, a letter summoned his brother to Melcombe.

Emily and John Mortimer had delayed their return, for Valentine, whether from excitement at the hope of setting off, or from the progress of his disease, had been attacked, while sitting out of doors, with such sudden prostration of strength that he was not got back again to the house without the greatest difficulty. They opened a wide window of the "great parlour," laid him on a couch, and then for some hours it seemed doubtful whether he would rally.

He was very calm and quiet about it, did not at all give up hope, but assented when his sister said, "May I write to St. George to come to you?" and sent a message in the letter, asking his brother to bring his wife and child.

He seemed to be much better when they arrived, and for two or three days made good progress towards recovery;

but the doctors would not hear of his attempting to begin his journey, or even of his rising from the bed which had been brought down for him into the wide, old-fashioned parlour.

And so it came to pass that Brandon found himself alone about midnight with Valentine, after a very comfortable day of little pain or discomposure. All the old intimacy had returned now, and more than the old familiar affection. Giles was full of hope, which was all the stronger because Valentine did not himself manifest that unreasonable hopefulness which in a consumptive patient often increases as strength declines.

His will was signed, and in his brother's keeping; all his affairs were settled.

"I know," he had said to his brother, "that I have entirely brought this illness on myself. I was perfectly well. I often think that if I had never come here I should have been so still. I had my choice; I had my way. But if I recover, as there seems still reason to think I may, I hope it will be to lead a higher and happier life. Perhaps even some day, though always repenting it, I may be able to look back on this fault and its punishment of illness and despondency with a thankful heart. It showed me myself. I foresee, I almost possess such a feeling already. It seems to have been God's way of bringing me near to Him. Sometimes I feel as if I could not have done without it."

Valentine said these words before he fell asleep that night, and Giles, as he sat by him, was impressed by them, and pondered on them. So young a man seldom escapes from the bonds of his own reticence, when speaking of his past life, his faults, and his religious feelings. This was not like Valentine. He was changed, but that, considering what he had undergone, did not surprise a man who could hope and believe anything of him, so much as did his open, uncompromising way of speaking about such a change.

"And yet it seems strange," Valentine added, after a pause, "that we should be allowed, for want of knowing just a little more, to throw ourselves away."

"We could hardly believe that it was in us, any of us, to throw ourselves away," Brandon answered, "if we were always warned to the point of prevention."

Valentine sighed. "I suppose we cannot have it both ways. If God, because man is such a sinner, so overruled and overawed him that no crime could be

committed, he would be half-unconscious of the sin in his nature, and would look up no more either for renewal or forgiveness. Men obliged to abstain from evil could not feel that their nature was lower than their conduct. When I have wished, Giles, as I often have done lately, that I could have my time over again, I have felt consoled, in knowing this could not be, to recollect how on the consciousness of the fault is founded the conscious longing for pardon. But I will tell you more of all this to-morrow," he added; and soon after that he fell asleep.

A nurse was to have watched with him that night, but Brandon could not sleep, and he desired that she would rest in an adjacent room till he called her. In the mean time, never more hopeful since he had first seen Valentine on reaching Melcombe, he continued to sit by his bed, frequently repeating that he would go up-stairs shortly, but not able to do it.

At one o'clock Valentine woke, and Brandon, half excusing himself for being still there, said he could not sleep, and liked better to wake in that room than anywhere else.

Valentine was very wakeful now, and restless; he took some nourishment, and then wanted to talk. All sorts of reminiscences of his childhood and early youth seemed to be present with him. He could not be still, and at length Brandon proposed to read to him, and brought the lamp near, hoping to read him to sleep.

There was but one book to be read to a sick man in the dead of the night, when all the world was asleep, and great gulfs of darkness lurked in the corners of the room.

Giles read, and felt that Valentine was gradually growing calmer. He almost thought he might be asleep, when he said —

"St. George, there's no air in this room."

"You must not have the windows open," answered Brandon.

"Read me those last words again, then," said Valentine, "and let me look out; it's so dark here."

Brandon read, "The fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

Valentine asked to have the curtain drawn back, and for more than an hour continued gazing out at the great full moon now rapidly southing, and at the lofty pear-trees, so ghostly white, showering down their blossom in the night. Brandon also sat looking now at the

scene, now at him, till the welcome rest of another sleep came to him; and the moon went down, leaving their shaded lamp to lighten the space near it, and gleam on the gilding of quaint old cabinets and mirrors, and frames containing portraits of dead Melcombes, not one of whom either of these brothers had ever seen.

Brandon sat deep in thought, and glad to hear Valentine breathing so quietly, when the first solemn approaches of dawn appeared in the east; and as he turned to notice the change, Valentine woke, and gazed out also among the ghostly trees.

"There he is," said Valentine, in his usual tone of voice.

"Who is?" asked Brandon.

"My father — don't you see him walking among the trees? He came to see my uncle — I told you so!"

Brandon was inexpressibly startled. He leaned nearer, and looked into Valentine's wide-open eyes, in which was no sign of fear or wonder.

"Why, you are half asleep, you have been dreaming," he presently said, in a reassuring tone. "Wake up, now; see how fast the morning dawns."

Valentine made him no answer, but he looked as usual. There was nothing to bespeak increased illness till he spoke again, faintly and fast —

"Dorothea — did he bring Dorothea?"

Giles then perceived with alarm that he was not conscious of his presence — took no notice of his answer. He leaned down with sudden and eager affright, and heard Valentine murmur —

"I thought he would have let me kiss her once before I went away."

Brandon started from his knees by Valentine's bed as this last faint utterance reached him, and rushed up-stairs to his wife's room with all the speed he could command.

Oh, so fast asleep! her long hair loose on the pillow. How fair she looked, and how serene, in her dimpled, child-like beauty!

"Love, love! — wake up, love! I want you, Dorothea."

She opened her startled eyes, and turned with a mother's instinct to glance at her little child, who was asleep beside her, looking scarcely more innocent than herself.

"Love, make haste! Valentine is very ill. I want you to come to him. Where's your dressing-gown? — why here. Are you awake now? What is it, do you ask? Oh, I cannot tell — but I fear, I fear."



He rushed down-stairs again, and was supporting Valentine's head with his arm when Dorothea appeared, and stopped for one instant in the doorway, arrested by some solemn words. Could it be Valentine that spoke? There was a change in his voice that startled her, and, as she came on, her face was full of tender and awe-struck wonder.

"The fulness of Him," he said, "that filleth all in all."

Brandon looked up, and in the solemn dawn beheld her advancing in her long white drapery, and with her hair falling about her face. She looked like one of those angels that men behold in their dreams.

Valentine's eyes were slowly closing.

"Kiss him, my life!" said Brandon, and she came on, and kneeling beside him put her sweet mouth to his.

Valentine did not have that kiss!

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
SELF-GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA.

TRAVELLERS in the interesting border-land between France and Germany may have noticed, in the inns and farmhouses of Alsace, a series of antiquated pictures, representing what the artist took to be the seven chief class-figures of society, and explaining how each managed to live. The emperor finds ample means of subsistence in the tribute which he levies everywhere, except on the lands of the nobility; for the nobleman at once comes forward, and pleads that he has "a free estate." As for the priest, he enjoys a tribute of his own, inasmuch as he "takes tithes." The Jew, mere trader that he is, makes known the disgraceful fact that he "lives by his profits." The soldier, seeing that he dates from the time of the Thirty Years' War, understates his case when he remarks, in language which need not be disavowed by the soldier of the present day, that he "pays for nothing." The honest beggar says that he "has nothing;" upon which the overburdened peasant exclaims: "Lord have mercy upon me, for these six other men have all to be supported by me!" Everything, according to this view, comes out of the land: taxes, rent, tithes, the profits of the Jew, the rations of the soldier, and even the alms extorted by the beggar. The only man unable to get a living out of it is the unfortunate peasant by whom it is tilled; while, without counting the

mysterious and profit-seeking "Jew," three orders of men live well by it: the sovereign; the nobility, followed by the soldiers, who "pay for nothing;" and the clergy, with the beggars in their train who "have nothing." Until very lately, the peasant of Russia was at least as badly off as the highly self-conscious peasant of Alsace in the ancient days when Alsace had not yet become French. Besides tithes to the priest, he still pays taxes to the emperor, which are not demanded of the nobleman with his "free estate;" and though, apart from military duty, he can no longer be required to render personal service to any one, he continues to pay for the right of cultivating his land either with rent, or with commuted rent in the form of a terminable annuity. He is free from Jews, except in Little Russia, and the provinces which at one time were either in union with Poland or formed an integral part of that country; but he must submit to the mortification of having "profits" made out of him by traders of his own race and creed. Soldiers, too, on the march or in the season of manoeuvres, may be quartered upon him; but if they still, in accordance with traditional habit, "pay for nothing," the cost of their maintenance is evenly distributed over the entire commune, or, in towns, over the municipality. With beggars, the Russian peasant has seldom been troubled; and in Russia the country beggar, whatever else he might pretend, could scarcely, under any circumstances, maintain that he "had nothing," since every peasant would be sure to have the use of from eight to ten acres of land.

Although serfdom in some shape existed less than a century ago in Alsace, and in France generally, and though it existed less than thirty years ago in many parts of Germany, and almost everywhere in the Austrian empire, we should have to go back several centuries to find in Western Europe peasantry situated as badly as were the peasantry of Russia some fifty or sixty years since. Theoretically they were not only "attached to the soil," but were irremovable from it. Practically, however, they were sold like cattle; and as recently as the reign of Alexander I. advertisements appeared in the *Journal of the Academy*, to the effect that peasants, apart from land, would on stated days be put up to auction. Their position was unfortunate enough as fixed by law. But, in addition to that, they were illegally treated. On many estates, long after the emperor Paul had re-

stricted the peasants' task-work to three days in the week, they were compelled to labour six and even seven days for the sole benefit of the proprietor. Alexander's numerous edicts in favour of the serf were disregarded, and sometimes (as in the case above referred to of sales by auction) disregarded quite openly. The emperor Nicholas's law against the breaking up of peasants' families when inheritances were to be divided, or when estates for other reasons changed hands, was equally set at naught; and all sorts of abuses existed as a natural consequence of the fact that the administration of justice on estates was exercised in small matters by the proprietors as such, in matters of importance by judges chosen by the proprietors from among those of their body who would consent to fill an office to which no honour was attached, and which only repaid the holder by the opportunity it afforded him of receiving bribes. No amelioration, indeed, of the position of the Russian peasants would have been of much avail, had it not been accompanied by a complete reform of the Russian judicial system.

But leaving aside all questions of justice, the legal position of the Russian peasant, up to the period of his emancipation fourteen years ago, or rather up to the publication of the anticipatory law on the subject, was strikingly like that of a slave. Though recruitment was effected as a rule by lot, a proprietor could send to the army any peasant he chose to select. Without assigning the least reason, he had only to inform the government of his wish to despatch a peasant to Siberia, and further to supply an outfit, and a small sum of money for travelling-expenses, in order to get the unfortunate man exiled for the rest of his life. A proprietor could, moreover, impose a particular marriage on a serf, or prevent his getting married. He could make the serf work without wages; and he could subject him to arbitrary punishments for any sort of offence, or for no offence at all.

If a history of serf-emancipation in Russia should some day be published, it will be seen that so long ago as 1844 the first steps were taken, as if unconsciously, towards that important measure. The proprietors of Lithuania had for the most part joined in the Polish insurrection of 1830. Their peasants had for the most part abstained from doing so; and the Russian government, determined to watch over the interests of the peasants, and to let them understand where their friends

were to be found, required that the proprietors should guarantee them certain rights, and should do this, moreover, in a formal manner. After much delay, it was ordered that a system of "inventories" should be prepared, showing on each estate what duties, as in the shape of task-work, the peasants had to perform, and what extent of land they were in return to hold for their own use. Committees were appointed to draw up the inventories. But many difficulties presented themselves. Perhaps, too, the proprietors objected to the formally prescribed relations which, by the inventory system, would exist between themselves and their peasantry, with, in case of disagreement, a friendly government for the latter to refer to. The proprietors in any case showed themselves in favour of a total cessation of relations with the peasantry. In other words, they recommended the liberation of the peasant; and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas had serious thoughts of undertaking some such measure, when the revolutions of 1848 broke out, and at once threw him back on the reactionary policy which he had followed consistently enough for three-and-twenty years, but which, for a moment, he had seemed inclined to depart from. The Crimean war, however, and the inability of Russia to meet the strain which was then put upon her, convinced the despotic Nicholas that he must yield; and in his last instructions to his son, the present emperor, he enjoined him above all things to emancipate the peasantry.

The first signs after the accession of Alexander II., that emancipation was at least contemplated, were to be found in the permission given to the partly-emancipated press to enlarge on the evils of serfdom. At first the subject was dealt with in tales and memoirs, rather than in directly critical essays. Then the question of emancipation was brought forward at the provincial meetings of landed proprietors, or "assemblies of the nobility;" and the Emperor Alexander had only been a few years on the throne when the nobility of Grodno (Lithuania) made a formal proposition, in the shape of a petition, for liberating the peasantry. Several of the Russian nobiliary assemblies, among others those of St. Petersburg, Tver, and Tula, followed suit. But the proprietors in all these provinces or "governments" were in favour, not of liberating the peasant with his land, but of liberating him from his land; of giving him the freedom of the birds, and taking his land for them-

selves. To this the government could not possibly consent. However just the claim of the proprietor might seem in the abstract, there was the history of the abolition of serfdom in neighboring countries, the history of the gradual diminution of the serf's burden in Russia itself, to show that, although the serf might be called upon to redeem his land before he could call it absolutely his own, yet he could not, under any circumstances, be deprived of it. Much controversy took place at the time between Russian publicists as to whether the land cultivated by the peasants, and reserved from generation to generation for their use, ought in a just scheme of emancipation to be regarded as their absolute property. The question fairly considered was never a very difficult one; and it was certain from the first that the Russian government would adopt, in principle, the solution arrived at by the Prussian government in Posen (as previously in Prussia generally), and by the Austrian government in Hungary and Galicia. But the question was a dangerous one while it lasted, from the opportunity which it afforded to the revolutionary party of asserting the peasant's absolute right to the land he cultivated for his own use, and of representing the task-work, or the rent in lieu of task-work required from him, as so much money or labour extorted from the long-suffering peasant by a cruel proprietor whose days were now numbered. The peasant's traditional remark to his master, "I belong to you, but the land belongs to me," used to be much quoted at the time, as though the paradoxical saying admitted of no answer. The master might, by way of repartee, have sent his too ingenious serf to Siberia or to the army, which would at once have shown him, not only that the land did not belong to him, but that he did not even belong to the land, from which he could so promptly be separated. In all good faith, too, he could have replied to his peasantry, as a body, that although by tradition their land belonged to them, yet equally by tradition their labour, within limits, or money in lieu of it, belonged to him.

The following, in the majority of cases, and in the middle regions of Russia, where the land is of average fertility, was the situation of peasants with regard to the proprietor. About one-third of the estate was kept by the proprietor, and had to be cultivated for his benefit by the peasants, who kept for their own use the remaining two-thirds. Thus the

peasants paid for their holdings in labour. On some estates, however, in lieu of labour they gave money, so that the land they called their own did not, in either case, belong to them unconditionally. In the law of emancipation—an elaborate document of which the abridged edition would fill about two volumes of an ordinary novel or book of travels—particulars are incidentally given of the position of every kind of serf in the Russian empire at the moment of publication: whether a domestic, an operative, or an agricultural serf; whether a member of a commune, or the holder of an individual allotment; whether a serf of the Western Provinces (detached at the end of the last century from Poland), or of Great Russia, or of Little Russia; whether a cultivator of the first zone without black soil, or of the second zone with black soil, or of the third zone—region of the steppes—with whatever soil he could manage to get; whether on the system of *barschtchina* or task-work, or of *obrok* or rent.

But in order to keep within bounds, and to avoid becoming unintelligible through the introduction of a multiplicity of details, it will be better to speak only of agricultural peasants forming communes, and cultivating land of ordinary fertility in Russia proper. It has been said that the peasants retained for their own use two-thirds of the estate to which they belonged. This gave as a rule to each member of the commune, or in other words to each male adult, about eight or nine acres of fields; in addition to which each head of a family had a cottage, a stable, and a garden. When in place of three days' labour each week, the peasant paid an annual rent, the amount was usually fixed at eight or nine roubles a year; so that in Great Russia the rent-paying peasant may be said to have held his land at the rate of about a rouble an acre.

The first object of the government in preparing the emancipation of the peasant was to fix by law his relations to the proprietor during a period of transition extending from 1863 to 1870. The proprietors of estates were required to make out charts, showing what land was cultivated for their own use and what for the use of the peasants. The peasants' land was in no case to be diminished; but portions of it might be exchanged to suit the convenience of the proprietor under fair conditions, and with the consent of magistrates, appointed under the name of "peace-arbiters," to settle such differ-

ences between peasants and proprietors as were sure to arise. During the transition period the rent or *obrok* of peasants who lived under that system could not be raised; and peasants — not individually, but in communes — were empowered, with or without the consent of proprietors, to pass from the task-work to the rent-paying system at a rate fixed beforehand, in accordance with the rates prevailing in the locality. If the peasants wished to redeem their land, or if the proprietor wished them to redeem it, the government would in either case advance redemption-money in the form of bills bearing interest at five per cent., which were to be exchanged at intervals and in order determinable by lottery, for bank-notes. If the peasants proposed to redeem their holdings, the proprietor was to receive the full estimated value of the land; of which the peasants themselves were to contribute twenty per cent., while the government gave bills for the remainder. If, on the other hand, the demand for redemption came from the proprietor, he had to submit to a loss of twenty per cent., but, as in the other case, received bills for eighty per cent. from the government.

The estimated value of the land to be redeemed was the fixed rent or *obrok* multiplied by sixteen and two-thirds, or, in other words, capitalized at six per cent. But as the proprietor had generally mortgaged his estate to the government, he had, in that case, to content himself with bills for the estimated value of the land redeemed minus his debt.

In calculating the amount received by the proprietors, it is necessary to bear in mind that the bank-notes by which the government bills were to be replaced were not worth more than eighty per cent. of their nominal value. After deducting the amount of the proprietor's outstanding debt, the government gave him twenty per cent. less than the estimated value of the land he ceded, in paper replaceable by notes worth twenty per cent. less than the sums they represented. Thus in the end, apart from all question of debt, he received only sixty-four per cent. — or four-fifths of eighty — on the estimated value of the land. If this was somewhat of a deception to him, he, on his part, may be said to have deceived the government, which had imagined that the sums it handed over to the proprietors would be spent in the improvement of their estates, and not in entertainments at St. Petersburg and in

foreign tours. Yet, bearing all this in mind, one can safely say that the proprietors have gained even in a pecuniary point of view, by the emancipation. The new railways through the corn-growing districts have doubtless had something to do with it. The value of land has, in any case, gone up immensely during the last few years, both in central and in southern Russia.

The effect, however, of the emancipation act has been far more satisfactory for the peasants and for serfs of all kinds. Serfs without land, hiring themselves out as operatives, artisans, or as domestic servants, or perhaps keeping shops, used to pay so many roubles a year to their proprietors for the privilege of earning their own living. All right to levy this *obrok*, which here assumed the form of a personal tax, ceased on March 3, 1863, two years after the publication of the emancipation act. As for the agricultural serfs, with whose position and organization we are chiefly concerned, they have found themselves, in constantly increasing numbers, placed towards the government in almost the same economical relation which formerly they held towards their proprietors, but with these two points in their favour: that they pay less money to the government, and that their annual payments are counted not as rent, but as instalments in extinction of a debt which, with the interest upon it, will be paid off in forty-nine years from the date of its being contracted. In these cases the peasants have absolutely no relations with their former proprietors except those of neighbours. Nor has the paternal rule of the proprietors, with the abuses to which it was liable, been replaced by that of the government. On the contrary, the peasants are encouraged and enabled to govern themselves, which they do absolutely in regard to their own village affairs; while they moreover take part in the local government of those groups of villages which the French would call *cantons*, of those larger divisions of a province which may be called "districts," and of the province itself.

The Russian peasant has been much idealized. "This slave, this drunkard," cried Alexander Herzen — degrading him a little, in order soon afterwards to elevate him a great deal; "this slave, this drunkard, in his smoky hut, with his pine-wood candle, has solved the social problem so puzzling to the philosophers of Western Europe." The Russian



peasantry are often, in fact, said to have discovered, or at least to have preserved, the secret of holding and cultivating landed property in common. As a matter of fact, they hold their land in common, but they do not so cultivate it; neither, as a natural consequence, do they share its produce. Their communism resolves itself, indeed, merely into this: that, apart from the garden or inclosure belonging to each house, which remains individual property, the fields and meadows of a village community are parcelled out at the beginning of each agricultural year among the various male adults composing it. In a perfect system of communism the industrious man would work for the idle one. But in a Russian commune the hard-working peasant, even in a condition of serfdom, got much from his land, and became rich; whereas the lazy peasant got but little, and sometimes at sowing-time found himself without seed, or the means of procuring it. Thus rich and poor are found together in Russian communes, as everywhere else in the world. But even the poorest member of a Russian commune is not destitute. He may till his land carelessly, or he may neglect to till it. He cannot in any case be deprived of it. Each new year will give him once more his piece of land, which will be greater or less, not according to his industry or capabilities, but according as the numbers of the commune have diminished or increased in number since the previous year. Political economists deplore this condition of things, which is indeed incompatible with the progress of agriculture towards that great good, the maximum of production. In any rational community where property existed as a reality, the idle, or it might be, feeble or awkward peasant would soon be parted from his land, which would fall into the hands of the strong, rich, and industrious peasant; and the village would in due time produce at least one capitalist and many paupers. The Russian communal system is bad for agriculture as an art, but it prevents the formation of a class of proletarians. It renders it difficult for a well-to-do peasant to become a prosperous farmer; though, if he saves money, a peasant may, independently of his communal portion, rent or purchase land for himself inalienably. But it saves the ne'er-do-well peasant from starvation.

Next to the question of the peasant's right to the land he had been in the habit of cultivating for his own use, no ques-

tion was more warmly discussed, in connection with emancipation, than that of the propriety of maintaining the commune.

"The first thing to do," said some writers whom their opponents called "conservatives"—though on this point they were progressive enough—"the first thing to do is to dissolve the commune, and develop among the peasants notions of individual property to which they are comparatively strangers."

"If you touch the commune," said the stationary liberals—not from love of antiquity, but rather from a passion for modern socialism—"you destroy the one thoroughly Russian institution we possess, and the germ of that democratic Russia of the future in which every man will have his own plot of land, renewable from year to year."

The so-called conservatives, who would have placed the peasants in the position of rent-paying farmers, each with his own individual, purchasable, and vendable portion of land, pointed out that the commune had nothing peculiarly Russian in it, that it had existed everywhere in primitive times, and that in Russia the government had maintained it simply for fiscal purposes, and because it was easier to collect money from villages regarded as units, with one chief or "elder" responsible for the whole community, than from millions of individuals. To this it was replied, that whatever the commune might have been in its origin, it had ceased to exist in every part of Europe except Russia; and that, for whatever reasons it might have been kept up in Russia, it suited the country; and, considering the abundance of land, might still be maintained, and even extended, to the great advantage of the Russian people.

The Russian communal system, in short, renders pauperism impossible, which is, after all, the main object of West-European communism; "the religion of poverty," as some one has called it.

The Russian government can never for a moment have thought of abolishing the commune. Apart from the taxation difficulty, one organic change at a time would naturally be deemed enough. There were many points in the emancipation law which the peasants might possibly misunderstand; and it would have been most imprudent to introduce unnecessary complications, such as a fundamental change in the communal sys-



tem must inevitably have brought about. The government, too, may well have determined for state reasons, apart from all considerations of political economy, to preserve an institution which postponed indefinitely the plague of pauperism, and guaranteed the country, except in times of famine, against the formation of hungry mobs.

The village communities of Russia, forced to act collectively and to deal collectively through an elected chief, both with the government and with the proprietor, had, of old, been accustomed to deliberate on their own affairs, and in some measure to regulate them. But it depended on the proprietor, whether effect should be given to their decisions or not; and the peasantry were also, in respect to numerous matters, at the mercy of the local police. At present, neither proprietor nor police can say a word to them. They keep order and administer justice in their own village, and form rural guards for protecting it against the attacks of robbers and the incursions of wild beasts. They not only apportion the taxes payable to the crown, which they were equally called upon to do in their former condition, but are empowered to raise money from among themselves for village improvements and for the establishment of village schools.

They even possess a privilege which by a small party is still coveted in vain for parishes in England; that, namely, of deciding by a majority of votes whether or not public-houses shall be kept open. But if they are their own licensing magistrates, it is to be feared that they look with too kindly an eye on the tavern-keepers who come before them to ask for renewals. The advocates of female suffrage will be interested to hear, that were the decision of the question left to the women of the commune it would certainly be given against the publican. Indeed, though legally the women have no voice in the government of the village, they sometimes take upon themselves to protest against the resolutions passed by their husbands in favour of keeping open the spirit-shops; and an address in this sense was quite recently agreed to by the women of Olkhovo, a village of Novgorod, and duly forwarded to the governor of that province. "Whereas," said the unhappy women (their petition was published in the *Golos*, or *Voice*, of St. Petersburg)—"whereas our husbands have empowered Karnila Lushin to keep open a public-house during the year 1875,

we hereby certify that Karnila Lushin first made them drunk with brandy. Consequently our children have no bread, we have sometimes no cattle, no homes, and for a long time we have paid no *obrok* to our landlords. Our husbands are intoxicated not only on holidays, but all the week through. At the same time, we and our children, who can work, have no rest for gaining our bread. We are reduced to the necessity of electing our peasant-wife Matrona Savelieva as a deputy to the highest authorities, that she may ask them to do us the benefit to cancel this act of our husbands."

In other parts of Russia the women have shown a similar disposition to take affairs into their own hands, and, sometimes, on similar provocation. In the province of Kalouga, however, as stated by the local *Gazette*, so many men are absent from the villages, that if their wives and mothers who remain at home were not to take part in the communal assemblies, nothing could be done. It would even be impossible to form the legal quorum of thirteen, which in one village was composed of five men and eight women. According to this authority, the presence of a majority of women in the assembly has an excellent effect. "The women," says the *Kalouga Gazette*, "do not drink, like the men, and cannot, like them, be corrupted by liquor." At a village in the district of Taross, a man, "presumably unfitted for the office of churchwarden," to which he aspired, gave drink to the male peasants, and gained their votes. But the women of the village didn't drink, and seeing what sort of a man he was, rejected him. The writer further affirms that a retired soldier, arriving at the district town of Taross to draw his pension, and having to present a certificate of identity from the assembly of his village, produced one on which the signatures were for the most part those of women.

Village assemblies, however, are at the bottom of the scale of self-governing organizations; and whatever good may be done by women at these communal meetings, they would not be admitted to the assemblies of *volosts*, or groups of villages at which the village communities are represented by deputies.

Next above the assemblies of *volosts* or cantons, are the district assemblies, which are composed of members elected from among the landed proprietors of the district, who form one-half of the assembly; members elected by the dis-

strict town; and members elected by the peasantry. Peasants, townspeople, and proprietors sit together, deliberate, and vote on all matters connected with local taxation, the raising of certain taxes payable to the State, the making and repairing of roads, the establishment and maintenance of hospitals, sanitary matters of all kinds, and the formation and direction of schools. It is worthy of observation, that the first training-school established in Russia was formed, not by the government, but by one of the district assemblies of Novgorod. The government, however, was not long in profiting by the example.

Some functions of the district assembly are obligatory. Thus, it is bound to keep up the roads of the district. As regards its voluntary action, all decisions come to by the assembly must be submitted to the governor of the province. Some of these may be put into execution without the governor's consent. But others, before they can be acted upon, must receive his final approval; and in case of this being refused, the matter is referred to the senate (a sort of high court of appeal), which has hitherto almost invariably supported the assembly.

For the construction of roads and railways, the assemblies are empowered to raise money, either by taxation, or by loan secured on the ratable property of the district. The guarantee of the assembly, resting as it does on a very solid basis, is asked for by contractors in preference to that of the government, which, however, must sanction the assembly's guarantee to make it perfectly valid.

In the various district assemblies are elected members of a central assembly, representing the whole province. Both provincial assemblies and assemblies of districts appoint executive committees, which sit permanently; and it is hoped that some day the provincial assemblies may be allowed to send deputies to form a consultative, if not a legislative, assembly at St. Petersburg. The nearest approach yet made towards this desired end is to be seen in the fact that the government already, from time to time, communicates to the district assemblies its intention to pass a law on such and such a basis; so that instances have occurred of the same governmental project being discussed by three hundred or four hundred different assemblies. The government in no way binds itself to act upon the views expressed by the assemblies, or even to attach weight to them. But it

cannot but find in these representative bodies a convenient means of ascertaining the opinions and feelings of the country; and a short time since, when it had formed the project of imposing a house-tax in lieu of the personal tax now levied, the idea was found to be so unpopular in the assemblies that it was thought advisable to abandon it.

That the peasants are not yet equal to the duties required from them is sufficiently evident; and of the four orders of assemblies, the least satisfactory is the lowest, or village assembly, in which we have seen that the members are sometimes\* bribed with drink, and being drunk, vote incontinently that the drinking-shops shall be kept open. But in the superior peasant assembly of the *volost*, or group of villages, things are already much better; and I learn from the *Moscow Gazette* that certain qualifications are now necessary on the part of peasants wishing to be elected to the assembly of the *volost*. They must, for instance, be twenty-five years of age, of good conduct, and free from debt; while, at a later period, it is to be further required of them that they shall have finished their education at a village school.

One would think that the newly liberated peasant could scarcely prove a good jurymen; though apart from a fixed determination not to return a verdict of guilty against persons who are only accused of not having their passports in order, his behaviour in the box is said to have been most commendable. The Russian jury is formed of men of all classes. But an attempt is now being made to exclude the peasantry, on the ground that jurymen are often required to travel con-

\* A friend well acquainted with Russian country life, assures me that in some villages the peasants have closed the tavern. The hard-working members of the commune know that the idle and vicious members will be unable, if the spirit-shop is kept open, to contribute their share of the rent or of the annual instalments in reduction of the debt for redemption money to the crown, which are claimed, not from each peasant individually, but from the village as a whole. They therefore endeavour, and in some cases have done so with success, to secure a majority of votes against the unestimable persons who apply annually to the communal assembly for spirit-licences. Thus the system of collective responsibility has certain moral advantages. It obliges the prudent to watch over the imprudent to the benefit of both. The temperate peasant has possibly no abstract horror of intemperance; but he dislikes having to pay dues for the intemperate man. If it could be shown that the existence of public-houses in England had a considerable effect in increasing the poor rate, that would furnish at least an argument for considering the licensing laws in force among the newly-emancipated serfs of Russia, from whom Mr. Herzen was right in thinking there is yet something to be learned.

siderable distances, that it would be unbecoming to compensate them for the expense they are thus forced to incur, and that without such compensation the functions of jurymen must be beyond the peasant's resources. The liberals are in favour of repaying to jurymen their necessary disbursements. But the minister of justice proposes that a list should be drawn up of men qualified and able by their pecuniary position to serve; which, it is objected, might easily have the effect of placing a number of picked jurymen at the service of the government. Civil cases, however, are tried without juries. So also are political cases in which, without having been tried as criminals, the convicted are quite liable to be punished as such.

With the sole exception of political cases, which may or may not be heard with closed doors, all trials and legal proceedings in Russia are public. The courts, too, are open in which rural justice is administered; an innovation which, like the whole reform of the Russian judicial system, dates from soon after the emancipation of the serfs, of which it is the necessary accompaniment. To understand what the Russian judicial system was before the emancipation, the reader should turn to Schtchedrin's "Provincial Sketches," which have been translated into English; or to Prosper Mérimée's French translation of Gogol's admirable comedy of "Revisor;" the revisor being a government inspector whose business it was to watch the working of the administrative machine, and, if possible, not to accept bribes from the persons interested when he found—as he was sure everywhere to do—that it was going wrong.

The first independent judges appointed in Russia were the so-called "peace-arbiters," whose duty it was, during the "transition period," to settle disputes between peasants and proprietors. The peace-arbiters were selected by the governor from lists of names presented by the proprietors in each province; and the best-educated men in the country were glad to accept this, not lucrative but honourable and, in Russia, quite novel position. The governor of the province of Kalouga, in making his selection, passed over all who had not been educated at a university; and for following this rule, of his own devising, received the thanks of the emperor. Under the old system the judges were as ignorant as they were venal. Gogol's judge in "Revisor" turns his court into a dog-kennel, and, whip in

hand, sells his decisions to the highest bidder; and a Russian friend assures me that he knew a judge who could only prepare his reports for the minister of justice by going over with a pen what his clerk had previously written in pencil.

The peace-arbiters were entirely independent of the administration, and, as a rule, the only charge brought against them was that of being inclined, in arranging differences, to take part with the peasants.

Rural justice is now administered by "peace-judges," who must be owners of property in Russia, and must have finished their education—must have passed, that is to say, what the Germans call the "abiturient," or parting examination—at a gymnasium or military school. They are elected by the assemblies for a term of three years; and the educational condition can only be waived in case of their being elected unanimously. They receive about 200*l.* pounds a year in small towns, and as much as 800*l.* a year in large ones; and are assisted by "honorary judges" equally elected, whose duties are not more arduous than those of our county magistrates. In each district sits at fixed intervals a court of appeal, composed of the peace-judges of the whole district, from whose decisions there is no further appeal, except, on a question of form or on a point of law, to the senate.

Without political liberty, without even the slightest guarantee for personal freedom—every one in Russia being liable to secret arrest on a mere order of the administration—the Russians, nevertheless, possess a very complete system of local self-government. It must be admitted that when, not many months ago, an ex-minister was visited with an administrative order, in obedience to which he retired to his estate, the fact was soon afterwards notified to the world through the columns of the official journal. The publicity given to the act deprived it of what at first seemed to be its worst feature. It remains true all the same that the Russian government is, in principle, perfectly despotic; that it occasionally exhibits this principle in practice; and that it allows neither the Russian people nor the Russian nobility, nor any class or order of Russians, the least share in the government of the country. On the other hand, it has in the course of the last fifteen years made a great many bold and uniformly successful experiments in the direction of liberty; and though there

can be no question in Russia of liberty "broadening down"—since it is precisely in the highest regions that the absence of liberty is most observable—yet it may in time "narrow up," as self-government really has done, from the village assemblies of peasants to the district assemblies in which all classes are represented; and from the district assemblies to the most important assemblies of entire provinces.

It is obvious in what manner the unfinished edifice of self-government may some day be crowned. But of the formation of a Central Imperial Assembly, composed of deputies elected by the provincial assemblies, there is as yet neither promise nor direct sign.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

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From The Saturday Review.  
BOYS AT HOME.

EDUCATION has always supplied reformers with a fruitful theme for discussion. It has been so since the days of Hophni and Phineas. It will be so until the millennium renders education obsolete. On no other subject, except perhaps that of religion, do sensible people disagree so widely. On few do rival doctors differ more completely both as to diagnosis and treatment. One physician asserts that hard intellectual labour is injurious to growing girls, whilst a lady M.D. of much experience writes an able paper to prove that mental work strengthens their constitutions. A gentleman proclaims the merits of the present system of pauper education, because he is acquainted with an estimable clergyman educated in a pauper school, and because the said clergyman has recently been presented to a living worth a thousand a year. On the other hand, a lady denounces the same system and favours boarding-out for young paupers, because the account she receives of the subsequent career of the girls is not edifying. Old-fashioned people often insist that servants have steadily deteriorated ever since they learnt to read and write fluently. Mrs. Crawshay, on the contrary, seeks to demonstrate that knowledge of music makes the housemaid dust the rooms better, and that an acquaintance with modern languages, particularly French, will assist her maid to make becoming bonnets out of apparently useless materials. One mother will begin the

education of her baby by whipping it as soon as it has cut its teeth, whilst another mother will spare the rod, and allow her children to run wild until they have changed their milk teeth for a more permanent set. One father will teach his boy to fire off a gun before he can carry it, whilst another will not allow his boy a knife to cut a stick. Some people approve of competition as an incentive to learning, and others think such an element highly immoral. There is, however, one point upon which almost every one seems to be agreed. It is that a knowledge of the three Rs is necessary to those who are obliged to earn their own livelihood, but who wish to do so in other ways than by manual labour. Curious to say it is in a real knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic that our young men are often found most deficient. Ask an average boy of sixteen who has been at a good school to read aloud a leader in the *Times*, and the chances are you have to stop your ears. Ask him to write a simple note of inquiry, and he looks aghast, although perhaps he has carried off a prize for Latin composition. Give him a house account-book to add up, and request him to make an abstract of the weekly bills of the grocer for a month, and he is absolutely helpless, and yet he may have reached the sixth book of Euclid. Send him to do some shopping, and he can scarcely calculate what he has spent, and what change he ought to bring back. No wonder so many lads get into debt when they are obliged to cater for themselves, and have never learnt the price of anything beyond lollipops and lemonade.

It is from the time when a child need no longer remain in the nursery until he is ready to go to school that a wise mother will claim him as her pupil, and will teach him those lessons which are only to be learnt at home, and which are of considerable importance to him in after-life. It is very nice that a boy should know his Latin grammar well before he goes to school, and even some Greek; but, after all, the dead languages will be pounded into him somehow, and there are other things which he ought to learn while he has the opportunity. The child who can read aloud, modulate his voice, attend to the stops, and enunciate his words distinctly, may be a dunce in other things, but he will find the accomplishment so easily acquired of lifelong advantage to him. Much may be done to simplify the process of learning to

write by encouraging children to send play-letters to each other, or to absent members of the family. Governesses have hitherto steadily set their faces against their pupils' learning to write in any but the orthodox way of copying a foolish sentence, with long words, in a ruled book. They persist in saying that allowing them to scribble in their own way on stray pieces of paper or on a slate "cramps" their hands, and prevents them from ever learning to spell correctly. This is a pernicious and widespread delusion. Even if the notion had any truth in it, all objections might be got over by encouraging the children to copy printed letters—an excellent plan by the way to form a legible hand. There is nothing that cultivates a boy so rapidly and in so satisfactory a direction as being able to put into writing anything he wants to say. The inscription so oddly composed, so phonetically spelled, which adorns the fly-leaf of the Tennyson presented last birthday to his mother, the first lisping numbers in which mine rhymes to Valentine, the magniloquent prose epitaph on a dog or canary bird loved and lost—all such things may be utterly ridiculous, and may bring a blush in after years to the downy cheek, but the time devoted to their composition was not thrown away. It is very desirable that when a boy goes to school writing home should present no difficulties. A few lines in pencil to tell how he has gained a place in his class, or had a splendid paper-hunt, the power of easily replying to a little sister's letter, will keep up the close ties of home which ought not to be undervalued. We have known educated gentlemen who would rather walk a mile to answer a letter than write half-a-dozen lines. The strange compositions that may often be seen in the newspapers, with respectable names appended to them, show how very useful a little early education and practice in letter-writing would be to public men. A little practical knowledge of arithmetic also is very easily acquired. The first three rules can be taught by a few pieces of paper torn up and made into sums, so as to give the pupil something more than an abstract idea of what figures mean. Many young men get into debt because they have never been accustomed to manage an allowance; everything has been paid for them. The number of pence in a shilling, of shillings in a pound, is not to be acquired by learning tables, but by spending money and keeping an

account of it. The boy who is accustomed to provide himself with certain articles out of a fixed sum will, by the time he is grown up, have an idea of what things cost. A regular allowance can scarcely be begun too soon. Parents might perhaps confide to their elder children the actual state of their finances more frequently than they do. They would often be rewarded for their confidence by a sense of chivalry amongst the boys preventing them from spending at college more than was necessary. The lads would be ashamed to encroach, as they so often do, on the slender portions laid by for their sisters. In families not engaged in business there is no possible reason why the children should not know a good deal about income and expenditure. A profound mystery is generally made of the subject. The consequence is that the young people think their father is a sponge full of gold-dust, out of whom as much money as possible is to be squeezed. They are often greatly surprised when upon his death they find how little remains to be divided amongst them.

To be shut up in a small town house during wet weather with half-a-dozen youths home for the holidays is not always heaven upon earth. The principal use they make of their fingers is to produce disagreeable and unearthly noises. Their feet are employed in wearing out the carpets and shuffling on and off their slippers. They cannot even strum a popular tune on the piano to amuse themselves, nor join together in a simple glee. Writing letters they find such hard work that they would prefer to spend a day on the treadmill rather than compose one. Reading is a bore after the story books have been exhausted. To get up a charade would be too much trouble, and in order to kill time they are reduced to counting the raindrops on the window and beggar my neighbour, or to teasing their sisters and playing practical jokes upon the servants. It is not to schools that we ought to look for the practical and primary education which is imperatively necessary for boys who are to make their own way in the world in this country or in the colonies. It ought to be given at home, principally before they go to school, but partly during the long vacations which are now the rule. No doubt the boys will grumble at having to work in the holidays which are all too short for the amount of listless lounging, the busy idleness which must be crammed



into them. Still the wise parent will not let them pass away unimproved. A few walks and talks will draw out and satisfy the "honest curiosity" always to be encouraged in young people. No boy will object to learn how to distinguish a faint from a fit, how to tie up a wound or recover a person from drowning, how to put out a fire or sew on a button, knock in a nail, or make a salad. In short, the exigencies of a picnic or a journey may provide him with resources to be developed afterwards beside a bush fire at the antipodes, in a shipwreck, under the guns of an enemy, or at a competitive examination. It can do him no harm to have a clear idea as to the relative position of the prime minister and the leader of the opposition, and to know the difference between a bluebell and a buttercup, a crocodile and an alligator, a barrister and a solicitor. It is also desirable that he should be able to come into a room without slouching, and to hand a lady a chair with politeness. He will find that the power to sing a simple tune at sight and join in a rational conversation will not take much from the pleasures of life, nor prevent his being able to catch a ball or a salmon. A few weeks will often suffice to teach a mere infant the notes of music and their places on the piano. It is amusing to watch the rays of delight which beam from the faces of the children at the Kindergartens when they are asked to sing something. Then too, the use of a needle and thread is as easily learnt by a boy as a girl; he does not instinctively feel that there is anything ridiculous in the employment of sewing, and the accomplishment is sure to come in usefully in many ways. Every sailor knows something about it, and does not think himself a Miss Molly in consequence.

One of the best things a young man can be indulged in is a taste. It will save him from the *ennui* which might drive him to gambling or undesirable company. Few boys with a real love for some science or art ever come to much harm. The intelligence developed in a child who collects specimens of stone or birds' nests, learns to cultivate a garden, or to carve a piece of wood, will make him a better man of business, or help him in a profession, as the case may be. A few hyacinth bulbs to nurse, a fern-case to water, some flowers to arrange, will give a feeling of home even to a dingy London lodging; but the love of flowers, like many other things, must be learnt in

childhood. Tastes are not, as a rule, exorbitantly expensive; they are certainly very much cheaper than vices. A very moderate percentage of an income judiciously laid out will soon secure an excellent library. It is surprising how small a sum will suffice for the purchase of every standard work worth having. The most famous private libraries cost their owners nothing in comparison with the price of a few racehorses. Pictures judiciously selected are not an extravagance to those who can afford them. Any collection made with knowledge and love of the subject is almost sure to be worth at least what it cost. The time occupied in collecting is in many instances rescued from being employed in idleness or frivolity.

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From The Economist.

#### THE RISING IN THE HERZEGOVINA.

WE need not, perhaps, be too gravely apprehensive of the evil consequences which may flow from the renewal of disturbances in the East. The insurrection of the people of the Herzegovina against the Turkish rule is a movement towards which our sympathies naturally turn, yet we cannot help feeling that we must qualify those sympathies with a cautious distrust. The Turkish power is so weak and so vicious, so ill-managed, and so unstable that if the peace of Europe was not likely to be disturbed by its overthrow, we should not easily find anything to regret in its fall. It does not even tranquillize men's minds by an appearance of permanence; every one knows that the arrangements in which Europe acquiesces for the maintenance of the sultan's authority are merely provisional, and that whenever it suits the great powers to re-open the questions that were formally closed by the Treaty of Paris, the settlement of 1856 will not stand for a moment against a general conviction that it is not expedient any longer to keep the "sick man" alive. But though Turkey has now few friends who believe in her vitality, or would be willing to risk anything in her cause, there is equally little confidence inspired by the character of the Christian populations who are struggling by alternating revolts and intrigues for the autonomy they regard as their inheritance. The truth is that we have been disillusioned both as to the character of the Turk and of his subject

the Rayah. The former does not reveal himself to us as the simple-minded, sober, brave, pure-lived Mussulman, that it became the fashion to consider him when we went to war with Russia on his behalf, more than twenty years ago. Nor, on the other hand, do we look either among Greeks, or Slavs, or Roumanians for the type of the Christian hero in whose virtues we trusted, once upon a time, to find a cure for all the misfortunes of the East. Whatever the form of government ultimately set up among the Christian populations of Turkey, there will be anarchy, corruption, weakness, and insolvency until the people learn to be steady and honest. The recent history of Roumania and Servia, not to speak of Greece, does not encourage us to hope much from the concession of self-government to the populations who are now rising against the authority of the Porte. We look, therefore, on the strife between the government at Constantinople and the rebels in Bosnia, without sympathy on the one hand, or encouragement on the other. We do not doubt that the people of the Herzegovina and of Turkish Croatia have been grievously oppressed, for, at all times, under the Turkish rule there are abuses enough, both of violence and of corruption, to justify a resort to arms. But that other influences have been at work is, at least, highly probable. There are organizations of Slavonic "patriotism" and of Christian zeal, that can turn popular passions into the direction of rebellion whenever it is convenient so to do; and the only difficult question is to discover whose interest it was to stir up a revolt in the Herzegovina, precisely at the present juncture.

The centre of the propagandist influences that have fanned the flame in Bosnia is Trieste, and the Austrian government might, therefore, be supposed to have had some share in fostering the agitation on its southern frontier. But this presumption has been negatived by the subsequent action of the court of Vienna. The Servian prince, Milan Obrenovitch, has been in close relations with the Austrian government for some time, and has lately visited Vienna, with the special object of taking his instructions as to his conduct towards the movement in Bosnia. The Servians are very "patriotic," and their patriotism includes the notion of annexing the neighbouring provinces of Turkey. They make the cruel treatment of the Herzegovinians,

and the disaffection against Turkish rule throughout the whole of Bosnia a pretext for reviving their national claims at the present time, and they have been pressing Prince Milan to assert their claims by sending a force into the Herzegovina to assist the insurgents. The prince may very probably be doubtful whether the annexation of the Bosnian provinces would enhance the comfort of his dynastic position, or the stability of Servia as an independent state, and at any rate, he has returned from Vienna with orders from the Austrian court to avoid a rupture if it be possible. But the Obrenovitch dynasty has no strong hold on the affections of the Servian people. The descendants of Kara George claim the throne, and are prepared to promise anything that the national feeling may demand; and if the Kara Georgevitch party should be lukewarm in the Christian cause, the partisans of Prince Wikita of Montenegro are ready to put him forward as the champion of Slavonic union and independence. These dangers seriously threaten Prince Milan's position if he should persist in maintaining the attitude of neutrality which, apparently, he was instructed to occupy when he was at Vienna. The recent elections to the Servian Sceptschina shows that the conservative party, on whom Prince Milan might have relied for the support of his neutral policy, has been reduced to a contemptible minority, while the partisans of Prince Wikita and of the Kara Georgevitch faction have both been largely reinforced. Of course, the dread of Austria and Russia combined—for Russia has laboured to influence Prince Wikita in the direction of peace, as Austria has Prince Milan—may keep the Slavs quiet. Yet it is not clear that the advice of the two great powers who are directly interested in the Eastern question will prevail. The people of Servia, the ignorant and passionate Montenegrins, and the Dalmatian subjects of the house of Hapsburg, may believe that both Vienna and St. Petersburg would gladly seem to be coerced. Servians, Montenegrins, and Dalmatians may insist upon joining in the war that the Herzegovinians have commenced, and may not be restrained by anything less than the interference of the Austrian and Russian armies. But if the Austrian and Russian armies interfere, the objects of the revolutionary party are gained; for whatever the great empires may do, they cannot march merely to maintain the *status quo* in Bosnia. They will be com-

pelled, by the force of events, to suggest a *modus vivendi*, and that means the breaking up of the Turkish power.

The interest of Prince Milan of Servia is no longer to keep the peace unless he is quite assured that Austria will keep it for him. He is beset by watchful enemies, and his failure to do credit to his Servian name would at once lose him the support of his people. Of course Austria may promise him that she will support him on the throne against his own unruly subjects; but it is hardly likely that she can do so while her own Dalmatians are not only clamouring that she should interfere on behalf of the Herzegovinian rebels, but are actually thronging over the frontier to fight against the Turks. We do not believe that either Austria or Russia would be well pleased to have the Eastern question opened for final settlement just now, and certainly Germany would be ill pleased; but if the flame breaks out in Servia and Dalmatia, there must be an intervention to settle it. Our only business in the matter is to recognize the plain fact, that we have no interest, political or financial, to serve, in maintaining the integrity of the Turkish empire in its present form, and that we certainly shall not enter into any new guarantees for its preservation.

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From The Saturday Review.  
DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.

THE exigencies of society, which demand that when people are assembled together for the space of a few hours in the relation of host and guest they must keep up a show of being interested or amused, are mercifully supported by the existence of music. The English have not, as a rule, the gift of conversation which at a French party makes all extraneous or imported forms of amusement unnecessary; one will hardly ever find in an English drawing-room that kind of pleasant river of talk, filled by auxiliary streams that flow into it without disturbing its bright current, which is a feature of French society. The state of conversation at an English assembly for social purposes might rather be said to resemble a collection of stagnant pools, whose waters require some such violent means as the throwing of a stone to rouse their surface into a semblance of activity. And music is the stone which comes most readily to hand. It is cu-

rious that an art should be turned to a use entirely opposed to its original object; that, being designed to make people listen, it should be employed to make them talk; but undoubtedly music is constantly relied upon as an instrument for this effect, and generally with success. As the person chosen to break the spell of silence frequently suffers from shyness or nervousness, an optimist might imagine that the general chatter which immediately drowns his or her efforts was caused by kindness of heart, and was intended to save the suffering caused by the performer's consciousness of becoming an object of attention. But as the same result follows when the performer is neither nervous nor shy, and is worth hearing, it must be supposed that the people who burst into talk like machines set working by the keys of the piano are moved by the mere sympathy with noise which leads parrots to chatter and whistle under the same circumstances. When the person selected to awaken the slumbering faculties of a company in this way has a real love for the art in which he dabbles, the suffering endured by him must be intense, and it is attended by a host of minor torments. For instance, he may be asked to sing, and be unable to play his own accompaniment. A volunteer, generally a lady, is found who "will do her best, but really plays so badly unless she knows the music well." That she does know it well is seldom the case, but the singer, for fear of seeming ungracious or self-important, is obliged to accept the proffered service thankfully. It may be that the accompanist is afflicted with a nervousness equal to or greater than his own, and, perceiving that he is nervous, straightway assimilates his terror, and so gives back a fresh impulse of agitation to him. In this case, although the affair has some resemblance to the blind leading the blind, the two people most interested in it have at least the comfort of being fellow-sufferers, and may find consolation in comparing notes upon their feelings and joining in contempt for those who have no knowledge of their woes or appreciation of their efforts. But it may be that the accompanist is not nervous, but is filled with a sense of duty, admirable in itself but disastrous in its consequences, which leads her to play straight through the music before her as though it were an exercise for the piano, without halting a moment in her career or otherwise taking note of the singer's existence. In

this case there is no comfort or escape for him; his only resource is to accept the reversed order of things suggested, to subordinate himself to the needs of the moment, and accompany the piano instead of being accompanied by it. Or, again, although not nervous himself, he may become the cause of nervousness in others; the player who accompanies him may be forced into that position by knowing that she is the only person with any qualification for it, however small. She may play each note with a dread that the next will be wrong, which in course of time will overmaster her, turning her head into a phantasmagoria where notes shift with endless confusion, and her fingers into things of a woollen consistency without force or feeling. If the singer manages to maintain his presence of mind under these trying circumstances, he may, by a rapid dexterity, omit several bars and bring the song to a conclusion without the catastrophe of a breakdown. But in any case he will be overwhelmed with remorse for the suffering which he has caused to an innocent being who was happy before he became the means of throwing a gloom over her evening.

These are some of the misfortunes to which amateurs are liable. They may, however, find comfort for the want of understanding among their audiences in an incident which may be taken as typical. A professional singer who had retired into domestic life appeared as a private guest at a party, and sang a famous piece of Gluck's with a force and precision which only the best professional singers attain. She was listened to with a cold compassion and kind condescension by the larger portion of the society, amongst whom one who held himself to be a fine musical critic observed, "Very kind of her, poor thing! But she cannot touch that music." Then came forward a singer of great renown, who had been unnoticed in the crowd, and pressing forward to the piano, enthusiastically seized the hands of the performer and exclaimed, "Do not tell me that you are an amateur. I recognize in you a great—a sister artist."

For want of judgment, however, on the part of those who listen to music in drawing-rooms, considerable excuse may be found in the kind of music which they are often condemned to hear. Among the many rare gifts which seem to be nowadays considered common to the greater part of the world that of musical excel-

lence is not omitted. The same folly which induces misguided persons to imagine that they can string together a readable novel without any knowledge of character or grammar, and act a difficult part with no understanding of stage requirements, has led them to say with Bottom, "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones." For the many attempts at playing by those who have no touch, and at singing by those who have no ear, the system of education which teaches children a certain set of things without any reference to their individual capacity for them is in great measure responsible. But the worst specimens of musical incompetency which may be heard in drawing-rooms are due to the want of perception and the vanity of those who exhibit the specimens. There are many men and women who might sing or play agreeably if they would confine themselves to things within their powers; but vaulting ambition carries them pell-mell into the dangers of difficult music which can only be encountered successfully after years of study and practice, and makes of the struggles which, it is to be hoped, are more painful to their hearers than themselves, a terrible warning. When one has been present at one or two performances of this kind, one can understand the feelings of a professor of music who was gifted with a very tender conscience besides a great talent, and, being asked the reason of an unusual fit of gloom, replied, "Well, I am just thinking whether I ought to go on teaching these amateurs. They come and learn, but they understand nothing; and they mostly have voices like little cats."

No less terrible than the amateur who has no talent for music is he who has a great deal of talent and so much enthusiasm that his mind is incapable of taking thought for anything else. If, having some love for music yourself, you are unfortunate enough to encounter a fanatic of this description, and unsuspectingly reveal that you have some sympathy with his hard-riden hobby, your doom is sealed. Having caught a congenial spirit, he will never, so long as he can avoid it, let go his grasp. He will discourse to you for hours upon the third manner of Beethoven and the dash exhibited by Verdi in his *terzetti*. His own life is written upon music-paper, his minutes are counted by crotchets and quavers, and he is unable to perceive that yours can possibly have any other interests.

He will stop you in the middle of a crowded room through which you are making your way with great difficulty and danger to a particular object, and ask if you have heard that lovely thing which has just come out, which he proceeds to imitate as well as he can under his breath, with an indication of the peculiarly fine effect of the drum in the twenty-ninth bar. If you speak of the Agricultural Holdings Bill, he is by a singular feat of memory reminded of the Pastoral Symphony, and launches at once into a discussion of its beauties, with practical illustrations. If you rashly quote a line of poetry, he begs you to listen to a little setting of his own of some of the poet's words. If, in despair, his victim attempts to make a diversion to any political question of the day, his talk glides with surprising swiftness from Bismarck to Wagner, the king of Bavaria, and the theatre at Bayreuth. His mission would seem to be to make the very name of the art which he adores odious to all who come under his influence. Fortunately it is possible to meet with musical enthusiasts who have some human feelings, such, for instance, as Mr. Trillo in Peacock's "Crotchet Castle." Lady Clarinda Bossnowl, in that brilliant fiction, describing the company at dinner to Captain Fitzchrome, says:—"Hush! Here is music to soothe your troubled spirit. Next on this side sits the *dilettante* composer Mr. Trillo; they say his name was O'Trill, and he has taken the O from the beginning and put it at the end. I do not know how this may be. He plays well on the violoncello, and better on the piano; sings agreeably; has a talent at verse-making, and improvises a song with some felicity. He is very agreeable company in the evening with his instruments and music-books." People with such exceptional gifts as Mr. Trillo are, however, rare; were there more of them there would be less direct and indirect suffering caused by the cultivation, or rather want of cultivation, of music which seems to spread with increasing power. Reference to Peacock reminds one that in another of his books, "Headlong Hall," there is a curious setting forth of the theory of music which has lately been put forward as something entirely novel. There Mr. MacLaurel concludes a dissertation upon music and poetry in these words:—"As gude music will be mair pooerfu' by itsel' than wi' bad poetry, sae will gude poetry than wi' bad music; but when ye put gude music an' gude poetry thegither, ye pro-

duce the loveliest compound o' sentimental harmony that can possibly find its way through the lug to the saul." This lovely compound of good music and good poetry has been heard in Wagner's opera this season, which is a good thing. Before next season it is likely that various selections from that opera will be heard in drawing-rooms, which may be not so good. Drawing-room music, as a rule, may be said to be on a par with drawing-room plays; that is, it is sometimes good, sometimes bad, and often indifferent.

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From The Guardian.

#### BISHOP THIRLWALL'S STUDY.

PAST the large, low dining-room, where preparations are being made for a dinner-party, up a short passage lined with bookshelves, an open doorway admits you to a room—large certainly, but so choked with contents that it rather reminds one of the inside of a disorderly portmanteau. It is square, but for a bay-window in which stands a library table piled with books and papers, an old black velvet sermon-case, a battered travelling writing-case, and a desk, with a wineglass of water on the ledge, and a tattered sheet of blotting-paper, on which lies a bright blue book—"Artist and Craftsman"—the last study of the owner of the room, to judge from the paper-cutter between the leaves. It is flanked by "Lectures on Casuistry," and "*Geschichte des Alten Bund*." A portentous waste-paper basket stands beneath: both this and the paper-cutter seem fitted by their unusual proportions to cope with their daily work. A hard horse-hair chair, without arms, springs, or cushions, turns its back resolutely to the garden, and its face to the army of papers.

Three tables and a whatnot dispersed over the room serve as foundations for a pyramid of books, reports, periodicals—"Cornhills," *Macmillans*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*—thatched with the *Times*, *Pall Mall*, *Saturday*, *Guardian*, and other papers unnumbered. Two wandering book-cases, with double faces and no backs, are stocked with motley rows of volumes, at which we will look closer. Saint Anselm de Canterbury, Artemus Ward, "*Science de l'Histoire*," a long range of Dumas, Comte's "*Système*," "Ingoldsby Legends." Are the contents of the shelves which line the walls less miscellaneous?



Hardly less surprising. Here is a favourite shelf, apparently, where the books stand loosely, and unevenly, as if ready for immediate action—Lettish Bible, *Biblj Swata*, Wendish Bible, "*Zwingli's Werke*" (pushed in hastily and upside down), a little Hindustani and incomprehensible "*Jolowicz Polyglotte der Oriental Poesie*," "*Rabbinische Blumenlese*." Nor, if you walk round the room with speed and caution that you may not be surprised too far from the two modes of escape,—the door and window—are the other shelves less bewildering to a merely human understanding. Bopp: "*Sanskritsprache*," "*Koptische Grammatik*," "*Miverian Archæology*;" Arabic, Armenian, Celtic, Persian dictionaries; grammars of Icelandic, Erse, *Ægyptische*. Seventy-eight volumes of "*Mémoires relatives à l'Histoire de France*;" Dallas, the "*Gay Science*" (what may that be?—whist? fencing? dancing? Not at all—criticism!). Dante, Shakespeare, Bunsen, Milton, Hallam, Sévigné, Luther. But a complete list would take days to write and hours to read. Besides these, the library steps are crushed under a haystack of unbound books, mostly Dutch, and two open portmanteaus are overflowing with papers and correspondence.

The floor is covered with no luxuriant recluse Turkey carpet, but a common crimson and drab drugget, worn and faded. The paper, if there be any, is hidden behind the books. No, there is a strip over the mantelpiece, Indian red, with a creeping pattern of dull gold. On the mantelpiece stand three wax candles, a marble clock, and a heap of pennies, on which no unscrupulous housemaid will take compassion.

Searching curiously for traces of human presence, we notice a crab-stick leaning against the corner of the window,

and on the centre table, erect and dignified, a black velvet skull-cap, very much—yes, uncommonly like in shape to Cowper's well-known nightcap. Its counterpart in black silk, tumbled, frayed, but evidently the more familiar friend, lies near the desk. A feather brush, worn out in hopeless attempts to fight the dust, droops over the edge of a century of *Quarterly Reviews*. Not many visitors are expected here, for all the chairs (horsehair and uncompromising, like the one at the desk) are built up with books. There are two deep leathern arm-chairs, though, on either side of the wide fireplace, but they are served in the same fashion. Over all, on a tall pedestal, the bust of Julius Hare gazes with bland, blank eyes.

Who is the master of the room? the hermit-crab of the shell? Hush, there are voices at the door; one grating with the huskiness of old age, slow and emphatic, giving, it would seem, some order, which is responded to with a ready "Yes, my lord"—and heavy, plodding steps come with frightful distinctness up the oilcloth-covered passage. Jump out of the window, if you are not prepared for instant annihilation, but wait behind that juniper and peep through the heavy, dark branches that rob the window of half the rays of a watery autumn sun, and you may note the entrance of an old man with stooping shoulders and scanty grey hair, and watchful, light-blue eyes, which need the warming effect of a smile on the quaint, rugged, but not unkindly face. He passes across to the chair in the window, and sitting down, he reluctantly pushes aside the book and paper-cutter, and breaks open the topmost of a pile of letters addressed to "The Bishop of St. David's."

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HAY FEVER. — In a letter to his son-in-law, Dr. Holland, the renowned humourist, Sidney Smith, says:—"I am suffering from my old complaint, hay fever; the membrane of my nose is in such a state of irritation, that light dust, contradiction, an absurd remark, the sight of a Dissenter, anything sets me sneezing, and when I begin to sneeze at twelve, I don't leave

off till two, and may be heard at Baunton, when the wind sets that way—a distance of six miles. Turn your attention to this little curse. If consumption is too powerful for physicians, at least they should not let themselves be baffled by such a little upstart as hay fever."